



MAID OF KENT.

MY FATHER'S RAPTURE ON HIS
FAMILY MANSION.

BOXLEY Grove, in the county of Kent, the family mansion of the Hales. Its situation under the slope of a curved hill, and watered with a limpid brook, the chief cause of the great fertility of the vale. Wood, lawn, corn, and pasture land, adorn the situation in all the varied elegance of rural scenery. Ascend the hill, the eye is immediately surpris'd with the most magnificent decoration of landscape—

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less sumptuous, less astounding to the eye and fancy, than an alpine view down on the Campania of Italy, where lakes, forests, cities, in awful grandeur only present themselves to lure reflection on the ages of human misery which have visited the inhabitants; Boxley conveys all that the most skilful conception of taste can seek for: and if the imagination must be fed, as well as the sight regaled, what is there on the summit of Boxley which a visitor could not indulge in with as much epicurean seasoning, as when he contemplates the soil of Italy?

Here the altar of unhewn stone*, sacred to druid rites, recalls to the classic mind the remote æra of British empire. The reigns of Brennus and Belinus, the great conquerors of Macedonia, by whom the famed temple of Apollo at Delphos was raised to the ground. Here can it boast of the same source of human refinement as

* This alludes to an antient pile of four rough and enormous stones on the hill; which some antiquaries have called a druid altar—but it seems more probably to have been raised as a sepulchral monument.

Italy. Stored with antient literature, the polished fancy, by the contemplation of this scene, can bring a colony of Trojans under Brutus, to inspire its indigenious inhabitants with the glorious spirit of civil liberty, which on this spot was evidenced on two signalised occasions. The consular times of Rome could not display more heroism in its struggles for freedom against the Tarquins, than did the ancient Britons on this ground against the fierce inroad of the plundering Cæsar; nor was the banner of Vortimer unfurled against the Saxon Horfus, who was here slain in the contest, with less vengeance and obstinacy.

Would the painter study the grand, the sublime, and the ornamental of his art; from the rude, wild, and disjointed parts of the mountain, he will see a Salvator Rosa—let him glance his eye to the horizon, the best-chosen scenes of a Claude or a Wilson will be found in nature for his original—Let him take the nearer parts of the vale, and study the grouping of smaller subjects; he will make election of cottages

and trees in all the critical excellence of Rixdale.

If the sudden emergency of the capital requires expeditious attendance, a few hours conveys me to it. If alarmed by the report of invasion from the perfidy of our natural foe, our Gallic neighbour, this situation can prove my loyalty before any other parts of the island; and as a spur to activity and valour, as an unsubdued Kentish man, I am entitled, *as sayeth our old friend Gervasius*, to the most honourable post in the front of battle. Thus prejudiced by situation, county, and certain privileges, called the Gaval-kind *by Master William Somner*, I am fully satisfied with the superiority of my country mansion to most others in the island of Britain.

My father, who was remarkably tenacious of genealogical descent, but too laborious in his parliamentary business for leisure to turn his thoughts to the depth of chronological investigation, would take great delight in the conversation of a neighbouring antiquary, the rector of *****,
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who flattering this vein of his mind, and to add a more glowing warmth to my father's heart than that which old port or a crackling faggot could inspire, would declare that our ancestors could be traced as far back as William de Ipre, lieutenant to King Stephen, who founded the abbey of Boxley; and with whom William de Hales, our great ancestor, gallantly fought in the wars against the Empress Maud.

What archives the old rector had ransacked I could not learn; but his authority was sufficient: my father never questioned the gravity of his assertions; his long aquiline nose, great bushy wig, and imposing nasal cadence, carried too much conviction.

Alas! so desirous are we to gratify the pride of our hearts, that my father, though he would often talk of his ancestor, the great warrior, William de Hales, always forbore to speak of another of the family who had turned a white monk, and in his pious fervour had left the estate and mansion house to his order; but which was afterwards restored to the family by the boisterous Harry

on the dissolution of the convents, for having slept a night at the mansion on his road to Dover.

This my father said was a blot in the escutcheon, and which from my soul I believe was the first cause of his rooted antipathy to priesthood: though, in justice to his religious duties be it said, he was a strict observer of its forms, and constant frequenter of the church. He liked no parson but the old rector, his family genealogist; who humoured him in his political and patriotic exploits; for united by the most prevailing binding tie, interest, being indebted to him for preferment, in gratitude he endeavoured to repay his patron by writing pamphlets and paragraphs against his adverse party.

The present mansion is little altered from the old, excepting a dining parlour which fronts the lawn, rebuilt on account of the absolute decay of the building, and which, to flatter the modern taste of Lady Hales, I permitted to be altered to her own fancy. 'Tis true I had made her a
 hasty

hasty promise without reserve, and which threatened some alteration in our domestic happiness; for having a collection of family ancestors, almost in a regular series from the first discovery of oil painting by John de Bellin to the modern Sir Joshua, I had concluded on their being replaced in their old stations; but I was not a little surprised when I found the taste of the Adams, a blue wall and some taudry-coloured flourishes, were to supersede the elaborate execution of Sir Antonio More, Holben, Rubens, Vandyke, Lilly, Kneller, and some of our best modern portrait painters. One morning, to verify a saying of the times, I actually found the workmen were hoisting all my ancestors into the garret; one portrait, indeed, had found favour, and was to have the principal place in the room over the fire-place, and this was a female relation by some modern French painter, with an abundance of unnatural paint on her cheeks, in a fancy opera dress, a pastoral wand in her hand, all bewreathed with flowers, and with the coquettish leer of a courtezan. I had a calm reply to a calm question; my wife

chose it because it was the prettiest looking picture, and suited the decorations of the Adams better than the grim visages of my Rubenses or Vandykes. After this display of her taste, for which she on every occasion stood foremost to signalize herself, I, notwithstanding the remonstrances of every female visitor who entered the house, her cordial associates, stood their attacks, heard their plans, and every change proposed to render Boxley Grove a modern building of *exquisite* taste; unmoved in a firm resolution to retain the respectable Gothic of its order in its ancient purity.

One morning, not a little surprised, was introduced to breakfast by Lady Hales a Mr. Changeall, who, arriving over-night from town, I concluded was some intimate acquaintance, but whose face I had never seen till that moment. He was dressed with elegance, and his manners as imposing as the first man of condition. Lady Hales was uncommonly attentive to the little condescensions natural enough to be shewn to a stranger, and which drew from me the same shew of respect. But judge my surprise,

prize, when seizing an opportunity which Mr. Changeall gave me when the table was moving, by leaving us to fetch some papers which he “humbly proposed to offer for
 “our inspection, and to suggest some
 “improvement of,” to ask her the meaning of this visit. “Are you not acquainted with the great Mr. Changeall,
 “the fashionable architect, and as celebrated as Mr. Capability for his exquisite
 “taste in laying out ground?”—“Pray,
 “my dear Lady Hales, how long have we
 “been married?”—“Good God! Sir
 “Simon, how strange you are; why almost twenty years, to be sure.”—“Then
 “I lament, Madam, that your heart is
 “now set on variety, and the domestic
 “state you are engaged in must at this
 “period be subject to some changes to
 “render it palatable.”—I now recollected a conversation which some little time before had taken place in town, when the lady of the late Sir Walter Jekyll, our neighbour, had been proposing to me the plan of laying out my grounds at Boxley in the modern style of improvement. Lady Hales was present, and I remember to have said that

I proposed to make some alterations in my brewery, laundry, and dog kennel, and I should be proud to consult her ladyship. This she had taken in sober truth, and as actual repairs were to be made in some of my out-houses, my wife thought this a good opportunity to bring her great plan of reform into execution. I had smiled at her repeated proposals, without the least gravity of reply; this she had construed into a full assent, and had invited this modern projector of *elegant improvement* to visit Boxley Grove, with his whimsical plans of pulling down warm houses to let in cold, and laying out grounds to lay out a good fortune; to torture the fancy to contrive lawns, vists, and groves, *a la négligée naturelle*; and to exceed Shenstone in his refinement of gardening.

Mr. Changeall returned with his plans. Lady Hales was to be supported in her premature display of taste. Some patience required, and perhaps some little insight might be gained into the present mode of spending fortunes with the assistance of these kind of projectors.

The plans were displayed.—The first produced a very elaborate elevation and ground plan of Boxley house, with the park and plantations ichnographically detailed; the second, the intended alteration; the old house built, the grounds all varied, the mote enlarged to a fine sheet of water, the box walk and evergreen grove effectually erased; my fish-pond filled up, and replaced by a temple to be surrounded with limes, Italian poplars, and varied firs; here the straight walk from the house to the grove was to *convolute* to a considerable distance; and the shade which I sought in five minutes, to be lengthened to ten: a clump of firs on a distant hill, and a shrubbery to extend to it; the fine pasture before the house to be converted to a fine lawn; vistas and recesses placed at proper distance to relieve the eye; with seats, temples, fanciful edifices to enrich the scene, and to fill up at least a twenty long years labour before the whole could be completed.

I gazed with no small share of surprise at the intended improvement, and listened to the explanation without a comment, till

I fancied Mr. Changeall had concluded his elaborate exposition ; but my surprise arose from observing the correctness of the drawing, and hearing that no person had been employed to measure the grounds, or to raise the plan. My only question to the long oration was, “ How came he by “ such an exact draught of the house “ and grounds ? ” This was cleared up instantly by remarking that he had employed proper draughtsmen for the purpose, who had orders to remove themselves into the neighbourhood, and to finish their commission without any intercourse whatever with the family, to avoid giving them trouble, and to take them afterwards by surprise. On recollection, I then remembered to have seen an ordinary personage some months back sketching and measuring my grounds, but whom I conceived was some landscape student amusing himself with the delightful situation of the premises.

It was now high time to come to a conclusion with my modern Vitruvius, therefore suggesting a difficulty about residence when the old mansion was dilapidated,

ted, I begged to know how I could procure a temporary abode.—“ O lud, good Sir, “ a mere trifle, a mere trifle I assure you ; “ it is but running up a snug box at a “ convenient distance.” The expence ? “ Oh, not worth the thought, dear Sir ; “ a mere trifle ; and you know when the “ new mansion is finished, this you resign “ to your bailif or steward.”—In reply I observed, that, instead of my house, I should resign my person to a bailif, were I to adopt the extensive plan he had here proposed. —“ O lud, my dear good Sir,” laughing immoderately, “ how can this hurt you ? ” —I told him I should be ruined with the great cost of his improvements.—“ A mere “ trifle, good Sir,” which he repeated in the smoothest tone of voice. I asked what might be the amount of this trifle ?—“ Oh “ a perfect trifle, he was sure ; a man of “ my fortune could not feel it. The esti- “ mate he had not made ; this required “ some calculation ; but he was assured it “ could be but a mere trifle.”—I asked Mr. Changeall the expence of raising the plan, and what he proposed as a consideration for the trouble of the drawing. He replied,
“ a mere

“ a mere trifle.” Then a trifle, I replied, would pay for the caprice of changing my mind, and I therefore hoped he would talk to me no farther about the alteration of Boxley Grove house, but partake of a family dinner and my company, till he was disposed to return to town again ; and so I offered him a purse with a few guineas for his trouble.

I was taking the drawings out of his hand, when judge of my astonishment ! He drew back, staring at me, with an uncommon look of disappointment, and he faltered out, “ How is this, Sir Simon Hales ? ” “ Sir—Sir—Sir—I am already a sufferer by “ some hundreds — I have contracted for “ materials, for, for, for wood and stone— “ workmen to come down—the plan, Sir, “ the plan is ten times the value—for “ God’s sake, Sir—I must not be made “ the dupe of your orders.”—Lady Hales now changed colour, and looked for my reply. — “ Sir,” I answered, “ my lawyer must converse with you farther on “ this subject.”—Mr. Changeall now began to expostulate, and to assure me that
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the plan alone would be valued in any court, trouble, time, and ability, at three hundred pounds; and now recovering himself, in a less hypocritical smooth tone of voice, he insisted on having received his orders from Lady Hales, who, in company with Lady Jekyll, had concluded on the proposition he had specified; that similar affairs in his profession were not uncommon; the nobility and gentry had their caprices like other men; but artists must not have their time taken up for nothing; his profession had cost him no small pains; he had visited Italy to complete his studies, and had laid in his science at a great expence, which could not be thrown away on the change of a gentleman's mind. He had an action against a Lord, who should be nameless, on a similar occasion, but which, he was happy to say, he had non-suited; and that he was not the only person who seemed to be surprised that the abilities of an artist should be subservient to the capricious fancy of men of fortune:—"But, Sir," he continued, "I do not wish to prefer my
 "suit in this case, nor shall I take my
 "leave without the honour of your pa-
 "tronage

“ tronage for the consideration of a trifle;
 “ a few hundred pounds can be but a
 “ trifle, to cancel the magnificent improve-
 “ ments of your grounds ; and I am sure,
 “ as not being the judge of the infinite
 “ labour and thought the projection of
 “ these plans require, you would not wish
 “ me to suffer for the change of your mind
 “ in the trifling sum of three hundred
 “ pounds.” Here I made him a low bow,
 and rang the bell to order my carriage,
 with an intent to run up to town for advice
 from my attorney.

Mr. Changeall by this had noted some
 firmness in my manner, and from the
 confusion and hesitation of Lady Hales,
 began to conceive that she had exceeded
 the commission she had received from
 me ; and perhaps judging of the weak-
 ness of his employers’ intellects and pro-
 per œconomy in the superintendence of
 their affairs, by the extravagance and
 folly of the ornamental improvement of
 their estates, he hoped, he said, that I did
 not consider his expostulation in too serious
 a light, either to give him cause for much
 trouble,

trouble, and equal pain to do himself justice. I calmly replied, that this was a business I was apprehensive I was not sufficiently master of, and lest I might be tempted to proceed too hastily against the merits of his cause, I proposed to set off for town, to have the matter adjusted by the strictest rules of equity: that Lady Hales had, through the persuasion of her extravagant and fanciful friend, Lady Jekyll, been led into error on the supposed alterations of my house and grounds: that a dog-kennel and a few out-houses were to be pulled down, for a trifling and slight improvement, and no other change whatever proposed by myself; and, for my part, he must be well persuaded it was the first time I had ever laid eyes upon him. Here Mr. Changeall made a most obsequious bow; and again altering the tone of his voice to what appeared more natural, stated a few apparent facts of the time and trouble he had bestowed on the plans: he lessened the cost to an hundred pounds, for which I gave him my note, and begged he would on no account whatever relate a circumstance which would turn out so infallibly to my

my disadvantage, by affixing to my character a trait of fashionable folly which was in every respect so unnatural to it. He here again bowed, requested the honour of my patronage, and left the room most respectfully.

After this affair, I was never pressed by my wife to alter the stile of the old house, excepting the saloon, which was obliged to come down from actual decay, and which, to please her, I permitted to be fitted up to her taste. Indeed I ever venerated these old piles of masonry beyond any modern; their conveniences, in many instances, are as great; and were we to balance the trouble of rebuilding, the comfortless situation of seeing rubbish removed, masons at work with stone and mortar, the mind perplexed and harassed with the conditions of engagements, misfortunes in the progress of work, length of time required to compleat it; and, after all, a list of confounded bills overcharged in the most exorbitant manner, each of which to the amount of a snug private fortune; I frequently wonder that men at my time of life do not sooner prefer

fer the antique fabrics of our Edwards and Henries to the polite jumble of the orders of Grecian architecture, which now constitute the modern stile of building houses, and spending immense fortunes.

My house is situated in a court yard, with a large brazen fountain, nereids spouting water on all sides. The gateway and porter's lodge were rebuilt by Inigo Jones; in my father's time it was surrounded with a mote and draw bridge, and from a few remaining towers, modernised some centuries back, the outward wall seems to have been a castellated defence, perhaps in the feudal times of the Barons. The house is built very much in the stile of our colleges in Cambridge and Oxford. A large-hall, or refectory, open to the vestibule, fronted by the buttery, and a passage which communicates to the kitchen. On one side of the hall a chapel, and on the other the grand staircase, ornamented in fresco, with some antient historic designs; the execution coeval with the age of Elizabeth, and in the stile of Holben. Here we behold a tournament, in honour
of

of a festival displayed for the reception of Henry VIII., when he visited one of my ancestors in his way to the embarkation at Calais, on his meeting with Francis I. at Ardres.

In short, from the slight and hasty description I have here given of the family mansion, I cannot be supposed to have much taste for modern improvement in building. I cannot say what might have happened in my youth, if parliamentary ambition had not superseded the vanity of building fine houses; but in truth, when my inclination led me to retire, I panted for ease and the calm enjoyments of life, which turned my thoughts from architectural metamorphoses. Judge, therefore, if I must not have had some resolution to have combated the repeated denunciations of vengeance against the gloomy appearance of the premises, by all our fashionable visitors, who seldom arrive without a comment on the strangeness of my taste; however, the inside is elegant and comfortable, and we neither want apartments to display the antient hospitality of the Haleses, in the
comfort

comfort of modern entertainment, or space to celebrate our annual festivals, which are generally more frequent, better served, and better regulated, than I remember ever to have noted in houses of more modern and more splendid outfides.

MY FATHER'S APOLOGY FOR RETIRING
FROM PUBLIC LIFE.

RETIRED from parliamentary business, I have now sunk into the bosom of my family, and contracted all my numerous acquaintance to a small circle in the neighbourhood of my country residence, and limited my town friends to as small a number as my delight in society would admit of. While health, fortune, and the advantage of a sound education, had inclined my mind and heart to yield to the inward satisfaction of exerting these endowments for the public good, I had
almost

almost forgot, through the fervour of patriotism, that the charms of a virtuous and beautiful wife, the smiles of blooming children, and the approach of a few chosen friends, required in return any expansion of soul on my side. Early principles had moulded my heart to the rigid maxims of a stern, yet noble and affectionate parent; and such were my habits of thought from this sedulous practice to train me up to his own grand and pure sentiments of public love, that losing all appetite in the rational indulgences of private life, or the salutary digressions from senatorial duty, I became callous to the milder ornaments of humanity. Though I married with the ardent desire of making my life more serviceable to my country, I still regarded the honest impulse of my heart, and suffered no sinister motive to obtrude in my domestic views; but I had an inflexible opinion that the happiness of my family, the affluence of my fortune, friends, and self, should be offered up as an expiatory sacrifice for state crimes; and that no personal oblation could be too great, if my country, in any emergency, could derive benefit from the concessions

concessions of an individual. It may naturally enough be asked how it is possible that a man, once elated with these ideas, could now recede from every opportunity of displaying them? I shall briefly reply, that a character like my own is of more real and efficacious service to his country, by adhering strictly to the regularity of conduct in the character of an honest and private citizen, than by rising up on the basis of independance in a turbulent senate; by asserting principles which no party can adopt, and which *no virtue* can possibly accomplish. As my political principles have been unsuccessful, I mean to make my life salutary to government, by seeking a repose in the conduct of private virtues, and in the humble gratification of domestic duty.

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ANOTHER SKETCH FROM HIS COMMON-
PLACE BOOK.

MY father had sunk two estates in the cause of his political principles, and I believe stood without a compeer to lessen that consequence and that merit which he had derived from his persevering conduct. He was always sought by the sovereign, always by party, yet ever too singular, ever too inflexible, for their views. Independant, persevering, and minutely applicable in the transactions of the senate, he had generally the mortification to find his opponents combated by conviction, though not defeated in their conduct. His critical and just declamation was often intentionally perverted by one party, and traduced by misconception and uninformed replication by the other. On each side of public question, when judgement and integrity governed his heart, he argued with equal warmth

warmth of reprehension. He had abilities to steer the precarious helm of government in the most affailing storms : but sternly fixt in his principles, he could admit of no state modification or political paliative : he wished to carry all his measures by open acts of genuine integrity, without degrading the dignity of his mind by acceding to stratagem or party device. Thus alone, unabettèd, he rose up on the basis of a sound and unshaken foundation of a political system, to face the enemies of his country, and the corruption of the state. He would rise up in the face of public applause on the victories of Marlborough, and condemn the successful war of Queen Ann as useless to British interest, and too bloody and expensive to be deemed glorious. He gave our generals no laurels but those won by the security of our commerce, and for the real aggrandizement of the empire; he allowed no honours for fresh-acquired territory, when convinced by common sense that the indigenous resources of his own country were obstinately neglected. Time, and even conviction, could not make him recede from

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his fixt principle of political right, but, like a contest with a hydra, he was continually lopping off one head of the monster, while it was by another as often replaced : thus sinking into the grave, this veteran patriot transmitted the same ardour for public glory to his son, who thus encouraged, and thus panting for fame, through the road of the most assiduous application to senatorial knowledge, and the same unshaken elevated virtue of his Sire, found at last his patriotism ineffectual, and the only true and efficacious means of serving his country centered in more private and more humble duties ; in a domestic life, in the education of his children, converse of his friends, and useful influence in his neighbourhood.

THE FIRST TIME I FELT THE EMOTIONS
OF PURE LOVE.

WHY should I forget the day—the hour? 'Tis the natural history of man. Transitory scenes! scenes of juvenal innocence—elysium scenes of rapture—they will never return again—live they may, in cold remembrance—but how can remembrance, contaminated by the calamitous disasters of life—clogged, incumbered with transactions—surcharged with sorrow—busy cares—the train of mortal incidents—paint to the mind the pure emotions of natural love, after the lapse of so many years. The heart no longer feels the delicate vibrations of youthful ecstasy; and descriptions of the past will fade as our years are numbered. Oft have I felt the tongue responsive to the heart—oft have I felt the modulating organ obedient to every soft touch of the soul, portraying the critical

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moments

moments of love—when art—when passionate design have fallen into imbecility—but—time and place alone conspired—the time is now past, and situation, alas!—no more.

The stern duties of life may be charmed by friendly converse—the female heart is more susceptible of commiseration for the weakness of our sex — weakness — call it not weakness, O world of cynical observance! From the men, the sacred ties of two fond lovers must be concealed—rigorous sentence! — we must not divulge to the friends of our sex the effeminate secrets of our hearts. We can have no friend to participate in the tender passion — 'Tis adjudged too formidably by a male tribunal—the verdict—guilty of human weakness. By the rank we hold in the universe, we are bound to envisage this impulse with levity; we may feel it as men, but we must deride at it with the scorn of philosophers. Yet, neither the boisterous revelry of bacchanals over the flask of the purple juice, nor the morose displeasure

displeasure of the beard and flowing robe
can annihilate the weakness.

——— Brutus for absent Portia sighs,
And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.

It was on a holiday in Whitsuntide, when a school boy, I returned from the strict studies under a vigilant master to saunter a month at our delightful country mansion of Boxley Grove. The western sun was making his retreat behind the hill, which like a vast amphitheatre, screened our fertile valley from the noxious blasts of north-eastern winds, when I retreated from my father's hospitable table; leaving him seated in his crurile chair over a delectable glass of claret, and in as delectable a debate of politics with old Dr. Philpot, our neighbouring rector.

I had but one object in view; it was to see my old foster nurse, Mrs. Underwood, the wife of a Kentish yeoman, a tenant of

my father's, and of coeval family residence with the Hales's, my ancestors.

Pride of personal attraction had tempted my mother to deprive herself of that endearing office, the nursing of her only son.—The charm of fashion had superseded the still more inviting charm of nature, and it was with a small degree of reluctance that Lady Hales prevailed on her maternal tenderness to consign me over an infant to the arms of a nurse, a woman whose recommendation was that of genuine goodness, perfect health, and perfect uninterested pecuniary compliance.

She had lost her own child by an accident; and as the natural attached friend of our family, she had solicited my mother to give her the preference of receiving me to her tenderest protection. Sooner than be deprived of the little engaging attention required in the nursery of an infant in arms, she would have gladly compromised her ardent hopes for the child of the most menial peasant or hind that was engaged in her farm; but she was made more happy with

with one of superior birth, and it was with raptures Mrs Underwood engaged to liberate my mother from the duties of the nursery.

Dear and tender woman!—'ere I not beheld the flush of sincere affection from thine eyes when my feet have gone over thy threshold? Affiduous fondness! thou didst cherish me with all the native love of a parent—and shall I not devote a tribute of genuine grateful memory to thy kindness?

When I saw the low-roofed mansion, the mouldered wall—the hollow tree thickly coated with ivy foliage, near the gate of the farm yard. Oft has my heart palpitated with keen sensibility—Delightful retrospect of my infant days, which those objects had recalled to my fancy!

I had scarce made a turn to enter the lane, which led in a direct line to the house, when my old acquaintance and playmate, Samuel, caught sight of me.

Underwood's son—a year younger than myself—The lad sprang like a deer to give me welcome—The joy, the great satisfaction in his looks when we met, how forcibly did they prove the natural effusions of early attachments! I remember his first salutation.

“ How glad will my mother be to see
 “ you—but first let us go up to yonder
 “ field; there we shall find my sister.—I
 “ have been to the house for some bread
 “ —tis for a little bird which we found
 “ chirping in the grass; my sister will
 “ feed it, and turn it loose again.”

I gladly accompanied the lad, rejoiced to see his twin sister Frances—

We reached her with an eager pace, but we found her in tears; at the sight of me she rose from the ground, wiped her streaming eyes with her apron, and with a modest abashed countenance came forward to meet us.

The little bird we saw lying by the side
 The

of her on the ground ; whether it had fallen out of its nest and had received some injury, or had been long forsaken by the old ones, it pined, and she having tried to chafe it with her hands, till her brother Samuel returned, was grieved to find it stretch itself out and die under her care.

“ Poor little thing,” she said to her brother, “ I hope I did not kill it ; I wish we could have found its nest, to have returned it to the old ones. Never take little birds out of their nests, Sammy— I am sure it is a great sin.

“ You know we read about it in the pretty book which Miss Sophy Hales gave us when she last called at our house, when we had the curds and cream.”

“ I have read it twice over” says Samuel, “ and I wish we could get some more of them.”

You shall have as many as I can get you, I replied ; you shall have all the entertaining books which I left at home

when I went to school ; but let us go to your house, and we will talk of books as we go along.

Strong was the impression which the Underwoods on that very day had made on my mind. For ever blest be that calm retirement which permits me to record the pleasing scenes of time past.—

As I approached the house, I saw Mrs. Underwood seated on a bench before the door ; she was employed on some sewing work ; a little boy in a go-cart by her side, throwing out his hands to some chickens picking up crumbs about him, and which his mother had invited there from the hen in her coop at no great distance, for his amusement.

As soon as she caught sight of me, she immediately flung down her work and run to clasp me in her arms.

I was now a little king in the farm house ; the maid was ordered to prepare the curds and cream. This excellent creature had

no

no other mode to bestow her effusions of gladness, but to heap on me every pampering gratuity which she possibly could devise; and the truth was, by some predominant charming prejudice, my youthful luxuries were more heightened at old Thorpe farm, than at the hospitable board of my father.

At one time she surveyed my stature, and then the features of my face, which she in raptures pronounced to favour Sir Simon my father; and by whatever natural trope her tenderness might be divulged, most abundantly did it manifest itself.

Samuel now asked why I went so far from home, and if I could not learn my book at Maidstone, as well as at Westminster?—"It is to make him a great man," my dear," replied Mrs. Underwood, "that Sir Simon sends him so far;" "And can he not be a great man like Sir Simon if he staid at home?"—"No, child; books make great men, and they learn better books, and faster at a distance than nearer

“ at home, because boys are spoilt when
 “ with their parents, like you.”

“ If books make great men, I wish you
 “ would buy me some, mother. You know
 “ I love to read ; and John Clark, my
 “ master, tells me I learn better than any
 “ boy in the school.”

“ But you must have money as well as
 “ books, child ; great learning must always
 “ be joined to great estates. It is this which
 “ makes great gentlemen. People should
 “ only bring up their children to what they
 “ can afford, and this is the reason why
 “ your father will not send you to the same
 “ school where farmer Drab sends his boys
 “ at sixteen pounds a year each, to learn
 “ Latin and French, and afterwards to learn
 “ to spend the little money they would
 “ have had left them, and to look down
 “ with contempt on their parents who had
 “ brought them up too well ; otherwise,
 “ my dear Samuel, we have often endea-
 “ voured to persuade your father to send
 “ you out with farmer Drab’s sons ; but
 “ he will not hear a syllable about it ; and
 “ indeed

“ indeed, for my part, I think there is
 “ great truth in what he says. Though
 “ you and Fanny are always reading, I do
 “ not mean to discourage it, for you may
 “ be employed in worse things; but if
 “ you are only to be a farmer like your
 “ father, I see no reason why reading,
 “ writing, and casting accounts, will not
 “ be sufficient to make your land prosper,
 “ without learning Latin and French, to
 “ fill your head with great things beyond
 “ your reach; as for Fanny, she must be my
 “ housekeeper when she grows up, and you
 “ know, my dear, the butcher’s and grocer’s
 “ bills are not written in French nor Italian.”

Fanny was all attention; she made no
 reply; but as soon as her mother had
 finished, she posted with Samuel to the
 garden, and in a few minutes brought in a
 large plate of raspberries.

We all sat down to curds and cream and
 raspberries; but long were we not regaling
 ourselves, before we espied my mother,
 Lady Hales, and my sister Sophy, with
 the maid, coming towards old Thorpe.

The pride of Lady Hales would not allow her to be seated. “ I suspected my son Edward was set off to see you, Mrs. Underwood; the boy has only been with us a day, and he has not been at his ease all the while. On my life I think he loves his old nurse better than his mother.”

The word old, was not acceptable to Mrs. Underwood; she was not arrived at her fortieth year; an excellent comely face, in the prime of life, deserved not the appellation. With somewhat of a sensible formality, she had resolution to reply — “ He is doubtless very partial to his old friend, my Lady Hales, and your ladyship must very naturally believe me to be equally partial to his visits. After your ladyship’s claim for his regard, it is natural for me to covet his remembrance.”

“ Umph”—ejaculated Lady Hales !

She was afraid my nurse was usurping somewhat of her own privileges of maternal influence.

Heavens !

Heavens !—why should I be tempted to arraign the conduct of my mother ?—pride —’tis a hard task for high birth to move in the precise sphere of right conduct — Perhaps she might have surveyed the manners of Mrs. Underwood with less prejudice than her son ; and elevated situations — ah they cannot submit to much flexibility ; native condescension can only arise from the undocumented hearts.

But, alas ! my mother was very haughty with my nurse ; the preliminaries of our little party, so happily commenced, were now broken in upon.

We could not relish the curds, the raspberries and cream ; Samuel and his sister Frances were frightened : we all rose up.

My sister Sophy had now joined the groupe ; but a stern look from my mother made her retire ; she and Mrs. Underwood had some conversation apart. The latter lowly curtsied — Lady Hales received the humble condescension as an unquestionable privilege. “ Come, children, are you
,, ready

“ ready to go?” Sorrowful commands, miserable departure! happiness intercepted—I found I must obey the summons; poor Samuel, he was sorry to leave me, and Frances, I thought, would have gladly withheld my taking leave.

I followed my mother; but the first impression on my heart, was the tender feelings of Fanny Underwood for the loss of the little bird. Accordant atoms of sympathy dressed up her image to my sight, —her form as she sat, and lamenting the death of the bird when I first cast my eyes upon her, was now presented before me—I could have wept on the remembrance.

In solitude the delicate sensibility of nature had gushed from her eyes. The neat linen dress, the flowing pale-coloured ringlets falling on her neck — blond her complexion—the large blue eye—the cheek of glowing health — artless looks of ineffable pity—Thus I beheld her at night in the mirror of my mind, and I now first began to consider that Old Thorpe contained other attractions than my foster nurse.

SIR SIMON'S LECTURE.

HIS CHARACTER SKETCHED FROM MEMORY — THE CIRCUMSTANTIAL PART TRUE, AS TO FACT, BUT METHODICAL, AND PUT TO PAPER AT A CONSIDERABLE DISTANCE OF TIME.

THE ladies had walked out while Sir Simon and the Rector were seated over the bottle. But they were now hailed into the drawing room; the tea was waiting. Methought the face of Doctor Philpot was tinged with my father's claret. The Baronet entered laughing, in perfect good humour, with the fag end of a sentence, which he still repeated.

“ Sir Robert Walpole never talked politics, nor religion, Doctor, over his wine—Excellent maxim, ah—ah—ah—
“ better

“ better conversation *to amuse* for a substitute.”

Philpot replied, “ that an argument is more often carried on over the bottle for the sake of oratorical display, or the ejaculation of animal spirits, than for conviction, or the strict investigation of truth. Did you ever know a man rise up convinced on either of such serious debates?”

“ And, therefore” replied my father, laughing, “ I always think it better to scandalize the fair sex.”

Lady Hales discovered marks of formality, and gravely replied to the arch look of Sir Simon ; “ I believe, Sir, the ladies do not improve in character and fair repute by this kind of malversation from the men ; were it not more to your credit to heighten our virtues than to detract from them ? The more we are favoured with your good opinion, the more desirous we should be to merit it.”

And

“ And therefore, my dear, we always
“ toast you in a bumper.”

“ Sir Simon, Sir Simon, thus it is you
“ are always heated with your convivial
“ cups. Consider the rising generation;
“ there is Edward and my daughter So-
“ phy in your presence.”

He smiled at my mother's gravity.

———— Rapiamus, amici
Occasionem de die :
Dumque virent genua,
Et decet, obducta solvatur fronte senectus.

Doctor Philpot in addition.

Tu vina Torquato move
Consule pressa meo.

“ Tell your mother the English of it,
“ Edward—give the Doctor a specimen of
“ old Westminster.”

Let us take advantage of the present moment—
While we are young let us be gay with good
manners—

Let

Let us expel those cares which cause the wrinkles of old age—

“ Edward, you are a jolly fellow—now
“ tell your mother what the doctor says.”

Bring me wine bottled on my birth day,
Under the Consulship of Torquatus.

Ah—ah—ah—my father was delighted ;
Lady Hales drew up more erect in the sofa ; the servant was handing round the tea—“ Hand us a glass of old claret, William—Let us have another bottle, Doctor ; this tea—my boy will be emasculated ; how came you to leave us ? you are now lusty enough to sit at the table after dinner ; man enough, man enough ; where have you been, Edward ; dancing after the women — no good will come of following your mother at your age.”

“ He has been to see his nurse, Dame Underwood,” answered my mother with her usual gravity whenever my father looked gay and convivial.

A milk

“ A milk-sop yet, Edward—I shall have
 “ him spoilt, Lady Hales, with your effemi-
 “ nate principles of good breeding. Come
 “ hither, Edward; you now know Latin
 “ enough to be good company. Your mo-
 “ ther shall bring up your sister Sophy, and
 “ I will have the training of you. Do you
 “ see the glass moves merrily round to-
 “ morrow; I will make a man of him, Lady
 “ Hales—Boys should be early initiated.”

“ Decorum, decorum, Sir Simon.”

“ Never mind her ladyship, Edward;
 “ you are my boy; and do you know, if
 “ ever I know you have any thing to say,
 “ but formal ceremony, to that fribble of
 “ a jackanapes, young Jekyll, I will dis-
 “ inherit you.”

The son of my worthy friend, Lady Jekyll; the mirror of good breeding, a perfect gentleman, a finished youth, not a year older than Edward, Sir, why do you except to his company?

“ Because

“ Because he is only fit for a lady’s dressing room, the prince of pomatums and essences; phogh — the jest of his own sex, and the derision of yours.”

“ I wish you had him at Westminster, Edward.—What is your opinion of a man, Doctor?”

“ I shall differ, perhaps, with her ladyship; I admire the masculine qualities in our sex; I would have our youth equal to every gay folly of enterprize, but master sufficient of their prudence to maintain their manners unimpeached by debauchery; generous enough to support the privileges of chearful society, without a sensual degradation of their superior advantages of birth and fortune.”

Lady Hales differed from the Doctor; she thought the young men of the age found more attractions in the bottle than in her own sex; and she insisted upon it with some petulancy, that he would reserve his sentiments for his more private lucubrations.

Sir

Sir Simon had dashed his cooler judgement with a full share of libation; but he rallied his mental faculties to reply for the silenced Doctor.

“ The chief virtues of civil society are
 “ derived from the pleasures of the bottle;
 “ but excess, Lady Hales, we consider as
 “ their antidote. The faculties of the
 “ soul are illumed with the full flowing
 “ glass; ability ripens, and generous sentiments are promoted. Honour is the
 “ guardian of that doctrine which in
 “ those moments flowed from our hearts,
 “ and we never fail to ratify our sincerity
 “ when we remember the transports we
 “ have experienced in our sacred assemblies.”

The party now observed the coach of Lady Jekyll curvating round the oval before the house.

When the door opened, this lady, with her son and daughter, made their appearance. What pleasure in my mother's eye when they were announced!—She arose; they

they accosted each other in mutual salutation; to Sir Simon the curtsy was mutilated to the Doctor no notice; he was on his legs, and, sensible of the common duties of society, flattered himself with her ladyship's cheerful recognition; but she was seated without this pleasing preliminary.

Master Jekyll made his formal bow to the company, and meeting my father's eye, the Baronet conferred upon him as formal a salutation. The boy had the appearance of a frippery foreigner some twenty years back. He was dressed as a man of the world; hair in the height of the then mode; a small bamboo cane, with gold tassels, in his hand; immense portion of neckcloth, fringed with rich edging, protruding considerably beyond the verge of his smooth and beardless chin. A coat with party-coloured stripes, the pattern chosen with much fancy; the waistcoat pink satin ground, covered with a gauze net; the breeches, black satin; great

* A liberty is here taken in point of anachronism. His dress suits the present mode.

stone knee buckles; white silk stockings with clocks to the calves of his legs; picked shoes just covering the toes, and an immense pair of maffy buckles, which decorated almost the whole of his foot. Young Jekyll was in his eighteenth year; a pale, sickly, effeminate face, with traits, regular, contracted, pretty, and of equal fitness to the necessary pretensions for female attractions. I was entering my seventeenth year. My features full and manlike; stout in structure; hair rather short, in my neck, and as straight as nature pleased to fancy it. My dress, a damson-coloured coat, striped waistcoat, and fustian breeches, thread stockings, and a pair of strong shoes.

It was an awkward kind of superiority which young Jekyll assumed over me; but my submission was tinged with undescribable disgust—our manners dissimilar; there could not therefore be much harmony in our acquaintance, which this visit was designed to bring about.

Miss Jekyll, the epitome of her mother—the sprig of beau monde; somewhat

elder than her brother—she assumed a greater share of confidence in her manners—her countenance pleasing, and not wanting of beauty, but totally removed from native grace. After she had surveyed with unabashed glances my unformed exterior, the while my looks were depressed on the carpet, she turned them aside to her mother, who had now entered into a very elaborate dissertation on taste with an universal critique on her acquaintance. One was accused of vulgar notions—this of servile imitation in equipage, furniture, and dress—another of equivocal reputation—deformities heightened, dissipation magnified—amplification of misfortunes—smiling commiseration on the unforeseen calamitous events of others. Such a husband was discovered in appearances of infidelity—such a wife on the verge of crimination—marriages circumvented—approved of—broken off—nearly consummated—well or ill assorted—and in effect the detailed catalogue of the town circle. It was her first visit in the season since she had left her town house; doubtless, therefore, must this communication

munication have been to Lady Hales greatly acceptable.

Sir Simon had hitched his chair to Doctor Philpot's. He had some time attended to the ladies ; but the conversation had been incongenial to his sentiments, either from the private tone of Lady Jekyll's voice, which seemed to indicate an exclusion of general interference, or a public communication of characters, which he ever reprobated.—A fresh topic with the Doctor he therefore commenced.

Young Jekyll now rose, changed his seat, begged to have the honour of pouring the coffee out while Lady Hales was making the tea.

The Jekylls were more fashionable than the Haleses—they did not sit down till near six to their dinner ; and they wondered we had retired from the table before eight—thus we had a recommencement of tea equipage.

Lady Hales, 'tis true, had especial reasons for an early summons to the drawing room. Sir Simon called often for the glass of hilarity over the viands, and her Ladyship by long habit knew to a single replenish the proper *sufficit* for the Baronet. When then the bell rang for a fresh bottle, after the ladies retired, it always served for an indication of a more speedy preparation for tea.

But on this afternoon I had profited of a long story of the Doctor's, to steal away for my nurse Underwood's.—'Twas certain nameless apprehensions of my mother which made her follow me. It was her absence which had now caused a brisker circulation of the claret; and though she actually expected this visit of the Jekylls, she was resolved to summon the Baronet and his friend to the drawing room immediately on her return.

The ~~farm~~ of Oldthorpe was at the other end of our shrubbery, and which had been expressly planted to conceal the venerable gable ends from the more elegant polish
of

of our lawn. It stood, therefore, only at a reasonable distance for a walk after dinner, and which her Ladyship could attain to without a risk of incommoding her attire, when the weather was serene, as at this fine season of the year.

As he poured out the coffee, while the conversation continued self-appropriated between my mother and Lady Jekyll, he introduced a conversation to my sister Sophy.

The young gentleman discoursed with amazing facility of Opera dancers; celebrated singers; the divine Mara;—had she been at the Hanover-square concerts?—did she subscribe?—the masquerades were not this season well attended—would she not be in town next winter?—there could be no pleasure in looking at green fields and rising corn, which could be full as well represented in scenery on the stage; and, for his part, he was always fatigued with the vulgar sameness of Kentish country amusements long before the return of families to their town residences.

Frequent blushes of native pudor arose in the charming face of my ever-loved sister. But how acceptable this accomplished and flexible address of the promising young beau to the occasional askance looks of the mother!—to see him usurp such a ton of good breeding—what an ascendancy over the rustic behaviour of the Baronet's eldest son!—and her daughter, Miss Letitia; she had higher accomplishments to render her amiable in the opinions of society, by the occasional interruptions on her side in the conversation of her mother with frequent items to help her recollection.

Sir Simon and the Doctor in total exclusion; but they were equally delighted with their own private discourse, which by a mutual strong cadence, at intervals interrupted Lady Jekyll in her communications, and which threatened to discomfit the continuation of her incidents; for she was obliged more than once to turn her head in testimony of my father's want of silent condescension; but regardless of her amicable parley, chearful tattle, delightful narrative of all her town and country acquaintance,

quaintance, he increased in tone and assertions with his friend the Rector of ****,
 “ I am for flogging, absolute sound flog-
 “ ging, Dr. Philpot; I say it again, I
 “ hope Edward has had it soundly.”

Doctor Philpot condemned the practice of punishment with the rod — the ladies looked attentive for his opinion; but he was only inclined to assert the impropriety without entering into the investigation.

My father now assumed the privilege of supporting his reasons; but the ladies were disposed to rise.

This was always the plan of my mother when she observed my father in full career of carrying his point by force of sound argument.

“ Tell me, Doctor, what is your opinion
 “ of the best mode of conveying know-
 “ ledge:—gentleness or severity?”

“ Much depends on the temper, capa-
 “ city, inclination; some boys are induced

“ to knowledge by bribes ; others by punishment ; there is a severity which can be exercised instead of this barbarous custom, penance, prohibition of juvenile delights, interdiction of those privileges of amusement which are reserved for the expert and diligent.”

“ All other kinds of punishment are nugatory, Doctor ; I will give you my reasons.”

“ There is an agility and perpetual activity in youth, which nature has wisely intended for the growth and expansion of their bodies ; this perpetual motion is always in counteraction with the expansion of their minds. A moderate share of sedentary reflection is required to impart knowledge to them ; sooner will they toil and exhaust their little spirits in sports of exercise, than bestow a single minute on thought. Thus this noble part of the soul becomes more generally diffused through the system ; and unless the head, which is the receptacle, the grand momentum of human excellence

“ excellence, be restored to its full and
 “ ample functions, there will be no chance
 “ of impressing them with knowledge.
 “ Whether physical or not this observa-
 “ tion, I do aver that a few smart jirks of
 “ the birch will drive up the latent prin-
 “ ciples of knowledge to this more noble
 “ part. I know of no instance where the
 “ adoption of such a methodical applica-
 “ tion has ever failed of its desired effect.
 “ In vain may our learned physicians cavil
 “ on the material or immaterial properties
 “ of the human soul : experience proves,
 “ without a shadow of doubt, how inti-
 “ mately it is allied to corporeal atoms.
 “ The instance before us is irrefutable.
 “ Twig up your boys, the dissipated ef-
 “ fence of the soul mounts up into the
 “ brain, and a Lycurgus, a Solon, a Plato
 “ is ingendered.

“ But I am still farther induced, for
 “ manifold reasons, strongly to inculcate a
 “ maxim of constant and regular adoption
 “ of the rod, whether the youth be or be
 “ not in the habit of thought or mental ap-
 “ plication.”

The Rector nodded a look of approbation. I thought Sir Simon's argument had made him a proselyte. It governed my fixt attention, and my alarms arose in proportion to the correspondent assent of Doctor Philpot.

To be flogged without desert!—what a principle of discipline to infuse in our seminaries! My flesh quivered on my bones.

Doctor Philpot wished my father would continue his argument on the regular adoption of the punishment on the deserving as well as undeserving.

“ I am inclined to think a more brisk
 “ circulation of the mental faculty,” answered Sir Simon, “ might be procured
 “ for school exercises of the ensuing week,
 “ by the adoption of the following plan :
 “ On every Saturday night, after the
 “ boys have been washed, and their hairs
 “ combed, a general discipline should go
 “ round ; good and bad, the diligent and
 “ slothful, the dull and the brilliant ; with
 “ this reserve, the master should discrimi-
 “ nate

“ minate between the active and the inactive; boys of the former description should have it more severely than the latter. Nature has wisely given a principle of alertness to youth for the preservation of their health, and for the expansion of their growth;—the rod will prove a succedaneum to this propensity, and a circulation of the fluids be kept up; considerable trouble in point of repression, and trials of patience in the master, would also, in the course of their weekly school avocations, be ultimately saved.”

Sir Simon looked in earnest, and growled very loudly a full conviction of this necessary discipline.

Young Jekyll cast his eyes on the ground, and discovered, very significantly, a rising terror in his breast.

Dr. Philpot asserted that the Spartans annually had their youth summoned to the temple of Diana, where they underwent this discipline.

My father cried out, " Oh it was a most
 " excellent precaution of legislative wis-
 " dom ; it also engendered heroes with
 " great statesmen ; it made them hardy,
 " and proof against the infliction of cor-
 " poral punishment ; it served as an expul-
 " sion of effeminacy. Think of the Spar-
 " tans ! what orators, what politicians,
 " statesmen, lawgivers, heroes ! All the
 " nation was composed of great men and
 " philosophers ; there was no fine gentle-
 " men among them. [Young Jekyll lifted
 " up his head] The rod, the rod—they
 " were all great, good, and fine fellows."

" Sir, you will excuse me," turning to
 young Jekyll, " if I ask you whether you
 " ever underwent this mode of discipline?"

" Me, Sir!" the young man answered in
 a tremulous tone, with a face as high colour-
 ed as the great foliage on our flaming car-
 pet ;—" I have a private tutor, Sir Simon."

" And does he never flog you?"

" My Mama would not suffer him, Sir."

" Pray

“ Pray you do not mind her, Mr. Jekyll, and contrive to have it laid on pretty smartly without her permission.— [My father was uncommonly grave]— On my life you will derive the greatest possible advantage; it will make you a fit companion for honest Edward—for the first man of fashion in the universe. You will learn better breeding and more true politeness by one sound flogging, than by all the private tutors which the indulgence of Lady Jekyll can bestow on your education.”

The servant at the close of this period brought in a large syllabub with glasses, and the ladies re-entered the room.

Lady Jekyll, casting a look upon her son, observed an extraordinary discomposure in his manner. “ Has any thing happened, my dear, in my absence?”

The young man replied with some hesitation in the negative, and his blushes again mounted up in his face.

Sir

Sir Simon, to liberate the youth from his embarrassment, and to satisfy the apparent anxiety of the Lady, observed that he had taken the liberty to discourse on the great efficacy of public educations.

Very little amplification is required to discover the contrariety of sentiments subsisting between this lady and my father.

In no respect wanting of every polite attention to his acquaintance, it would be natural to expect she would have made him a return of good breeding; but whether she had translated the Baronet's catechism respecting her son into satire, or whether she had penetration to conceive that he harboured no great share of respect for her own person, as well as her family, darting a look of asperity at him, replied that she held a public education in the greatest abhorrence.

He, with the most placid countenance, requested she would do him the honour to give her reasons.

“ Because,

“ Because, Sir Simon, I was once ad-
 “ vised to send my son Billy to Westmin-
 “ ster; I reluctantly yielded to the supe-
 “ rior wisdom of your sex, and soon
 “ found my suppleness confirmed into ab-
 “ solute folly. Poor Billy, he was not
 “ made for such a gang of young savages.
 “ They have too many rough frolics for a
 “ lad of his delicate constitution. He
 “ was almost killed on the first day he
 “ went amongst them; and thanks to the
 “ Almighty for giving him presence of mind
 “ (to speak the truth he was always a sharp
 “ youth) he certainly would have been
 “ made a martyr to their boorish tricks.”

Sir Simon again politely requested she
 would favour him with a recital of the
 young gentleman's misfortune.

“ Why Sir Simon,” she continued,
 “ I have a pleasure to relate it, because my
 “ son Billy shewed them as good a joke as
 “ they put upon him. We were told it
 “ was necessary he should have his hair
 “ cut off before he went; but he was a
 “ smart child, and insisted on wearing it
 queued

“ queued and dressed as you now see it
 “ is :—it is right to bring up children with
 “ early manlike sentiments, you know.
 “ Then, as I was saying, he would have
 “ his hair dressed. Balthazar, my poor
 “ dead Sir Walter’s old valet, attended on
 “ him to school ; when just as they entered
 “ Dean’s yard, a croud of boys gathered
 “ round them. Who do you want, says
 “ one ?—a fresh man, says another—twig
 “ him, says a third—I will shew you the
 “ master’s apartments, says a fourth—as
 “ they were walking along, and Billy ta-
 “ king hold of Balthazar’s arm, a young
 “ dog came behind my son and whipped
 “ off his tail with a pair of scissars, and
 “ holding it up in his hand, ran away with
 “ it, and crying out here it is. Old trusty
 “ Balthazar being incensed at the insult
 “ shewn his young master, set off after
 “ him ; Billy standing by himself, was
 “ soon joined by another youngster, who
 “ advised him, as a friend, to follow him,
 “ and he would take him to the master’s
 “ door, otherwise the boys might perhaps
 “ set upon him and play him another trick,
 “ as was usually the case with every fresh
 boy

“ boy on his coming there. Billy made
 “ no scruple to take his advice, and fol-
 “ lowed him. After walking him a turn
 “ or two backwards and forwards in the
 “ cloisters to get a possey of boys about
 “ him, he presently found himself jostled
 “ and carried away to a pump; when a
 “ great boy seizing him by the collar,
 “ tugged him with main force to the
 “ mouth of it, and another pumping upon
 “ his head, he was held there till he was
 “ half drowned, and the dogs crying out
 “ to him, furnish the inside, and not the
 “ outside, of your skull.”

Edward at this moment laughing aloud,
 and crying out he had heard of it—he had
 heard of it.

“ Oh truly fine sport, Sir—fine sport,
 “ Sir—replied her Ladyship; but they had
 “ almost killed him though; he was gasp-
 “ ing for life; but Billy—the Lord bless
 “ him—finding the great boy’s thumb
 “ close to his mouth as he held his head,
 “ gave him such a bite as almost made
 “ his teeth meet. *The rough bear roared*
 like

“ like a *bull*, and as God’s mercy would
 “ have it, let him go. Billy that instant
 “ snatched up a mop which was close to
 “ the pump, and laid about him most
 “ roundly, I assure you, and away he set
 “ off for home, towards Pall Mall, up
 “ the park as hard as he could scamper.
 “ Poor dear fellow, I happened to be at
 “ home, and I assure you I was a long
 “ while before I knew my own son, he
 “ was in such a pickle.—Oh, Sir Simon!
 “ — public schools! — Heaven’s defend
 “ me from all public schools—it went hard
 “ with my poor son’s life—I would as soon
 “ send him to the lighters on the river
 “ Thames.”

THE PLEASURES OF THE LITTLE PARTY
AGAIN INTERCEPTED; WITH AN ANEC-
DOTE OF THE ROSE-TREE GROVE.

ON the ensuing morning, I found my heart agitated with an anxious care, unusual and novel in its nature; it whispered unhappiness—an impulse I had never before experienced—there was a hurry on my senses that rendered my moments wearisome—the emotion was similar to the loss of a favourite object of some possession which the heart was panting after. 'Tis true, my thoughts were unchangeably fixt on an object; but why that object should be productive of all this perturbation, exceeded my juvenile comprehension—why that ineffable form of innocence, sweetness, pathetic sensibility—why the daughter of Farmer Underwood should have caused this tumult in my bosom, seemed an absolute mystery which I could not unravel.

I hurried

I hurried to my sister Sophy's apartment, and while she was perusing a book which had been put into her hand by her governess, I occasionally interrupted her by frequent repetitions of my vexation in being disappointed in my curds and cream at Old thorpe.

“ Let us have some there together, Sophy—we will steal out together in the afternoon, and no one shall see us.”

“ But you may have them at home if you please, Edward—are they not as good as at farmer Underwood's?”

I had promised some books, I replied, to Sam and Frances, and I meant to carry them myself——“ Shall we then both go there in the afternoon?—surely we may —why should my mother object to it?”

Sophy promised to accompany me.

I remember on that afternoon Sir Simon and Lady Hales had an unusual long parley together on some alterations that she had

had proposed in our ancient family mansion. The plan was chiefly arranged by her Ladyship, and which she had long contemplated, oftentimes proposed, and as oftentimes been opposed by the inflexible arguments of my father, who from a singular veneration to Gothic arts and sciences, would not suffer a brick to be displaced in the fabric. Of this negotiation, and my mother's taste for modern architecture, I have already discussed—To the parley, then, so favourable to my sister's and my wishes.

In the heat of proposition on one side, objection and argument on the other; elegant design and improvement urged by her Ladyship—comfort, convenience, and œconomy opposed by Sir Simon ;—we both took advantage of the debate, and gained the lawn. We had made but few paces towards the rose-tree grove, when to our joyous hearts we beheld Fanny and Samuel approaching towards us. Fanny held in her hand a basket of raspberries—it was a present from Mrs. Underwood to me; Samuel carried another, of his own gathering, for Sophy. We had been disappointed

appointed in our regale on the yesterday afternoon, and the affection of my nurse made her resolve on this mode of making us amends.

The first plan we devised on our meeting, was to ascend the mount to the temple situated in a clump of varied pines, firs, and thick-branching shrubs; there we were to rendezvous and spread our collation. I took the basket from Fanny, and paired off before the other couple.

For the first time in my life I now found that I lost the command of expression—what supreme delight in the presence of this primrose maid! — but I had no words to give my feelings utterance. — Fanny, equally silent, walked by my side with an abashed look on the ground, apparently conscious of the novelty of a situation in which I have since thought a mixture of sympathy might have entered.

When we entered the temple, each took a seat, and we prepared for the banquet. Our old coachman, Gregory, had been to
 Rochester

Rochester in the morning, and fulfilled my commission for books. I now pulled out of my pocket the Young Man's Guide, and an English translation of Marmontel's moral tales. The former was for Samuel, the latter for his sister Fanny.

There was a tender tale, which I read to her.

She wept bitterly—it was indeed the native tear of sensibility—divine impulse, which made me approach this lovely cottage child! I folded her in my arms, I wiped it from her cheeks.—Genius of tender-hefted nature, thou didst flutter round me!—vibrating sensibility had touched the delicate cord, and my heart received at that moment the unison of unspotted affection.

Sophy caught the feel of sentiment, and Samuel's eyes were cast upon my sister.

Had the tutelar deity of the fane-Apollo himself revealed in a blaze of light this all hallowed action of childhood, my soul could have felt no compunction — what

power on earth could have abashed my innocence? The lovely Fanny reclined her cheek on mine, and bade me cease the tale, which caused the streaming eye and throbbing heart—the book fell from my hand, and I clasped her to my breast.—Impulsive reward of genuine tenderness!

In this critical instant of dawning attachment we beheld Sir Simon and Lady Hales ascend the mount. The party were proceeding to retire. There was a rising terror in our breasts—we all seemed conscious of trespass, but too young to define the nature of this trespass—our innocence made our fears more apparent, and which were not unobserved by my parents.

The young cottagers would have concealed themselves behind the benches, but we were discovered before any precaution could be taken.

When they entered the temple, the countenance of my mother glowed with a warmth of rising anger, and which struck
a pain

a panic into all our hearts. “What are
“you doing here, children?”

“Sir Simon,” replied Lady Hales,
“there is some prudence required.”

The young Underwoods prepared to leave the spot. Sophy and myself were desired to walk before them to the house.

I overheard a lecture of my mother's—my father was chided for having countenanced me in the principles of man-like conduct—argued on the bad effects of boys being pushed too forward—assured him that his freedom of conversation had impressed me with unbecoming sentiments, and that she had her apprehensions that the scene which they beheld in the Temple would be followed with consequences of an alarming nature, unless a preventive was placed against an intercourse with the young Underwoods—that she apprehended some contrivance had been plotting on the side of the old folks—that early impressions were difficult to be eradicated—and that it would be of an essential consequence to the fu-

ture happiness of Sophy and myself, that hereafter we should be debarred all interview with our neighbours at Oldthorpe.

“ Sir Simon, Sir Simon, your maxims
 “ are, indeed, strangely perverse to every
 “ rule of decorum—there can be no moral
 “ fitness in trusting your children to chance
 “ —but as to Edward, I have nothing to
 “ say—you insist upon training him to
 “ your own mind—proceed, proceed, and
 “ we shall live to dread the fatal effects of
 “ his education. As to Sophy, I expect,
 “ in right of mother, I may be permitted
 “ to be vigilant over her conduct; and
 “ this I do aver, that if ever I know she is
 “ found in company with the Underwoods,
 “ so surely will I send her to Queen-Square
 “ boarding school, where she may be re-
 “ gularly and constantly trained to the ab-
 “ solute necessary duties of formal discre-
 “ tion, so essential to the future prosperity
 “ of a child in framing superior connec-
 “ tions, and of modelling her life by the
 “ most accomplished rules of an elegant
 “ and superior conduct—but to suffer our
 “ children to elope from our cautious and
 “ prudent

“ prudent restraint—Fie, fie, fie, Sir Si-
 “ mon.”

My father, with a smile and some plea-
 fantry, replied with “ a poh, poh, poh,
 “ my dear ; you anticipate evils—you see
 “ beyond the ordinary capacity of women.
 “ —you are suspicious of things, where no
 “ stratagem has been devised.”

“ I beg your pardon. Mrs. Under-
 “ wood is a very artful woman—there
 “ is more design than you imagine.
 “ Come hither, Miss Hales. This instant,
 “ Madam, to your room, and when you
 “ meditate a walk in future in the grounds,
 “ I do insist upon it that I may be ac-
 “ quainted with your motions.

“ Have you nothing to say to Edward,
 “ Sir Simon ?”

“ Poh, poh, poh ; the boy must know
 “ these matters sooner or later—they are not
 “ the points, believe me, Madam, that you
 “ and me should trouble our heads about.
 “ My chief business is to impress honour

“ and feeling in his heart : and as to his
 “ moral conduct, that I propose to trust to
 “ chance. Depart he will, in all probabi-
 “ lity, from those nice rudiments of life
 “ which you are so cautious to insist on the
 “ necessity of his steering by — but his
 “ compass, honour, and a feeling heart,
 “ will always make him tack about to the
 “ thing that is right. Behold your model,
 “ young Jekyll — What an effeminate
 “ monkey, ! — I would disinherit the ras-
 “ cal, if”——

But he checked his rising warmth.

“ We shall never agree in these matters,
 “ Madam ; so we had better drop the sub-
 “ ject. Edward will be packed off for
 “ school in a few days, and removed from
 “ the premises of your objections.”

“ I am surprised, Sir Simon Hales, that
 “ you are always inclined to oppose, to
 “ contradict my principles of education.
 “ Are not my sentiments confirmed by the
 “ wisest persons who have ever employed
 “ their pens on the subject ? Young
 “ Jekyll,

“ Jekyll, the mirrour of good breeding—
 “ but we shall see, we shall see—a few
 “ years will determine. Consider he is
 “ our only boy—the support of his family.
 “ If your system should prove erroneous,
 “ think of the havock and desolation which
 “ he has in his power to commit.

“ When children are under our eye—
 “ when we can be daily their overseers of
 “ conduct, the twig must and will——

“ Grow crooked,” interrupted Sir Simon.

“ Straight,” replied Lady Hales. “ You
 “ form their minds——

“ To deceit,” again interrupted Sir Si-
 mon. “ The young hypocrites bend and
 “ incline to your rudiments while under
 “ your eye ; and trusted from your sight,
 “ they act the reverse of your doctrine :
 “ and what kind of heads and hearts are
 “ you then bringing up ? You instil les-
 “ sons of prudence, and you fancy they be-
 “ lieve you ; before your faces they seem
 “ to be convinced, but, tired with the dull

“ rules of restraint, they act a game quite
“ the reverse when your back is turned.

“ I have nothing to say to the girls—my
“ advice is, they should never be trusted
“ from the sight of their mothers, aunts,
“ or sage duennas. Give the boys a free
“ scope, provided with a compass, an
“ honest heart, and a tolerable conscience:
“ experience will keep them off the shoals,
“ and the storm will season them for the
“ conflicts of life.”

“ There is a difference in boys, Sir Si-
“ mon—those fitted for professional duties
“ may be trusted to the boisterous and inde-
“ licate occurrences of a public education;
“ but in possession of great estates, the
“ character of the gentleman may be united
“ to that of more accomplished attain-
“ ments——Young Jekyll——

“ Name him not,” briskly spoke my fa-
ther. “ The gentleman is the scholar—
“ the gentleman is not coupled with effe-
“ minacy and superficial breeding.”

“ But

“ But family connections,” replied, with
 stiff gravity, my mother, “ should be pre-
 “ considered—early impressions have their
 “ advantages—the Jekylls will have im-
 “ mense fortunes — family connections
 “ should not be overlooked.”

“ Poh ! — on the old twang of worldly
 “ prudence again—teising ourselves with
 “ future prospects beyond the grave—
 “ What have we to do with their fortunes?
 “ — my boy shall take his chance——
 “ Jekylls ! — There is no respect in the
 “ name, and none in the persons—I will
 “ not think about it—We had better,
 “ Madam, take our tea, and enjoy the pre-
 “ sent moment. The Doctor will be im-
 “ patient—Edward shall chuse for himself.
 “ What is fortune ! Does it not always
 “ exceed the compass of happiness—My
 “ boy shall find it out himself—he shall
 “ work it in his own mind—No, no ; it is
 “ not in the power of parents to buy it for
 “ him.

“ There is delusion, Lady Hales, in

“ your deep-concerted plans—Let us to
“ tea.”

SIR SIMON AND HER LADYSHIP DIFFER
ON THE PLAN OF MY EDUCATION—
EARLY IMPRESSIONS OF THE TENDER
PASSION DIVULGED TO A FRIEND—
ROMANTIC SENTIMENTS ADOPTED.

ON the morning of my departure for
Westminster my father roused me from a
heavy slumber. There was an unusual
gravity and dejection in his aspect.

He had cast his eye on my boot while I
was pulling it on——

“ It draws up as easy as a glove, my
“ lad; and that is another reason why I
“ augur the mental part to be as I could
“ wish it. I like no tight boots, Edward;
“ they have lost many a man the glory of
“ the

“ the field—ruined his fortune all his life
 “ —five minutes in drawing on a boot has
 “ lost the fox-hunter the diversions of his
 “ chace—the lover his mistress—the Cap-
 “ tain his victory—all is right in the head
 “ boy—and your mother—I am now re-
 “ solved”——

But he suppressed the sentence.

“ Your mother will not be down to
 “ breakfast, and we must drink our coffee
 “ together, Edward.

“ But how should women understand
 “ these matters ; they may talk about it ;
 “ male and female judgement must be ever
 “ at variance. Miserable warfare to find
 “ the friend of your bosom in open arms
 “ against the dictates of worldly wisdom—
 “ to be always fighting against female
 “ caprice — Alas ! conviction comes too
 “ late for our happiness — We must live,
 “ my boy, to the age of patriarchy before
 “ we can make proof of the truth of these
 “ things, and the thousand accidents which
 “ may intervene. Should not this deter-

“ mine us always to enter on a kind of
 “ compromise? But the great misfortune
 “ is, our habits of mutual freedom will
 “ engender a species of cold approbation.
 “ ’Tis strange that friends, when in mu-
 “ tual participation of will and deed for
 “ such a number of years, do find the
 “ smallest alienation in their sentiments.
 “ At all events, I am resolved to go
 “ through with it in spite of her ladyship,
 “ so behave yourself like a man, Edward,
 “ and you will rejoice your father’s heart.
 “ I shall have conquered her for the first
 “ time in my life.

“ Yes, Edward, I will take thee myself
 “ to school. Her ladyship will pass the
 “ hours away in my absence sprightly
 “ enough, with her never-inseparable com-
 “ panion Lady Jekyll—she will talk over
 “ her favourite improvements of laying
 “ down plans, and pulling down the old
 “ house — changing the whole face of cre-
 “ ation at Boxley Grove.”

But the Doctor, Sir——

“ Ay, my good lad, he will miss my
 “ company to be sure ; but his pipe, three
 “ rounds in the plantation, and an old fo-
 “ gram book in the study, will fill up the
 “ vacuum. ’Tis a frolic, Edward ; and I
 “ am now at a time of life to please my-
 “ self.”

But think of my mother, Sir.

“ Let her think for herself, Edward.
 “ She should have thought long before this
 “ to a better purpose, than to oppose my
 “ inclinations in the bringing up of an
 “ only son.”

But your absence, Sir, will cause her
 pain.

“ It will change the scene, my boy ; and
 “ when we meet again, she will, perhaps,
 “ be less obstinate in her sentiments—So
 “ dost hear, old coxcomb, with thy three-
 “ curled powdered wig”——

It was old Gregory, the coachman, at our
 back.

“ Tell her ladyship I am gone on a
 “ frolic to town with thy young master,
 “ Edward, and shall stay as long as I like.
 “ Dost hear—order the coach and four;
 “ Edward and I will have a merry
 “ drive to the empty house in Upper Har-
 “ ley Street.”

“ And may it please your honour”—

“ I am in earnest, Gregory; and do as
 “ you are commanded.”

The old prig of a coachman could not
 forbear a titter, but still repeated, “ May it
 “ please your honour, Sir Simon,” at least
 a dozen times before my father could per-
 suade him to leave the room. For the first
 time in his life he was now inclined to con-
 sider his master as a very valiant Baronet.

But there was an arrangement in the plan;
 there was mind, and that mind was warmed
 with the tenderest sentiments of paternal
 love as ever entered the human breast; and
 strongly did I feel the full sense of filial
 return!

In the morning after our arrival my father conducted me to Westminster—he had a conversation with the head master—I was doubly embraced by him—he was confirmed in his opinions—his hopes were blooming around him, and he departed for Boxley in full possession of the confidence he had placed in the system of my education.

When I mixed in the croud of my associates, the first boy that run up to me was my friend Cornwall.—To relate adventures which had transpired during the holidays, was the principal delight of the moment; but I had now lost my natural sprightliness. The accustomed juvenile scenes which the season before had warmed my imaginations with the greatest possible delight, seemed flat, and my mind was warped to another object.

Care, suspicion, and anxiety, seemed now to dispel the pursuits of reflection, and retrospects were now their substitutes. Lectures of prudent connection had been often repeated by my mother in my presence, and

she had represented Miss Jekyll before Sophy and me as the most superlative acquisition for matrimonial happiness. To a boy turned of his sixteenth year, similar hints were well scanned and comprehended, and I was soon made sensible of the manner in which her inclinations would be gratified.

But my heart had formed a natural union—the germe of passion was now expanding in it; and having an object presented in my eye to prove the force of that sentiment, I was doubtless inclined to reject, with no small degree of displeasure, every suggested overture that could offer violence to that genuine emotion which I had been surprised into.

Thus it occurred to my vigilant fancy, that this young lady was to be created a rival to the elected beauty of my heart. The tender passion in its dawn was now big with an approaching consequence to my future happiness. My senses sufficiently ripe to judge of worldly station, and the natural desires of our parents, I soon felt the
the

the irregularity of a matrimonial connection with this lovely girl—the prescribed forms of life presented the most alarming obstacles—obstacles in which the pure sentiments of filial duty were baffled and circumvented.

But parental displeasure, inequality of condition—these my fertile invention had overcome by a kind of sophisticated prudence, which the favourite objects of our caprices are always prepared to bring to our aid as an apology for indiscretion.

I had conceived a scheme to introduce her to the world—to polish the engaging simplicity of untutored nature—to clothe her with the artificial exterior of modern accomplishment—to document the native heart of innocence with that haviour which the perverted sense of society has rendered arbitrary. Risque the natural goodness of the heart in the discipline of refined manners—manners that may, perhaps, engage and play round the fancy, yet are intimately allied with hypocrisy and design.

To forward a plan of this extent and romantic complection, would, doubtless, require no small share of confidence—but I was not insensible of future expectations, and I had acquired sufficient knowledge of the advantages of my birth and inheritance. The more I contemplated my project, the more I was prone to put it in execution. The great leading sentiment which arose in my bosom was the probability of success in engaging the consent of a parent, to whom my heart had pledged its most sacred vow of truth and sincerity. There was an accord of sentiment which my soul cherished. I was impelled to open candour with him. Whatever bore the name of concealment in my conduct, seemed to arraign my integrity, and my honour stood deeply impeached. I felt a stern resolution in my soul, in which, though unskilled, unhacknied in the trial of life's temptation, all my resolution was centered. If this generous endearing parent remained inflexible in his wishes, what was there not which my courageous heart could not vanquish!—but the pregnant fancy of an ardent affection suggested every favourable motive to flatter my hopes.

hopes. Let him behold the lovely daughter of my foster nurse, Mrs. Underwood, in every advantageous charm of a refined education. Let him be fascinated with the advantage of prepossession. My passion was too pure and generous to covet any other consummation than that which time and fortunate occurrence could not mature to the generous and pure sentiments of my heart.

Well had I anticipated the disappointments which my mother's pride would receive by this resolution ; and I well foreknew there could be no motive entered on to operate a change in her inclinations : but however the precept of filial duty may have corrected my rising disobedience, that submission and respect which preponderated in the scale of my father's claims seemed to bear down all consideration on the, perhaps, equal claims of my mother.

In short, such were the sentiments which, at this early period of my life, were training up to a scene of activity—to a plot wherein all my genius, powers of understanding,

standing, on the side of mental fortitude, would be engaged — the struggles of inclination — the combat of filial obligation with the impulse of nature —

My friend Cornwall was now to be consulted, and the point which infant passion had excited was to be ultimately settled.

As we were inseparable companions, my friend had noted the melancholy of my mind, my resignation of our mutual pastimes, and had frequently urged me to divulge the cause of my apparent anxieties; but to his entreaties I had been always silent till such times the uneasiness in my absence from the fair object of my affection had caused my fruitful fancy to suggest a plan for the completion of my hopes.

To Cornwall then did I impart the plan big labouring at my heart. I was to prevail on Mrs. Underwood to send her daughter Fanny to France — there she was to be educated at my expence — to be introduced into life — with every suitable equality

lity of appearance to avert the false prejudice of my parents.

The more I ruminated on this scheme, the less obstacles there appeared to intervene; and though I was afraid that my youth might erroneously found its hopes on a plan which seemed altogether so romantic and impracticable, I still favoured the design, which in reality, from its novelty, afforded me the highest gratification.

There is an aspiring temper in youth to put in practice those schemes which, fanciful and novel in their nature, seem to discover an originality of genius, and a peculiarity of thought—the great spur to their projects.

Singularity is oftentimes found of as much efficacy in our revolutions through life, as the desire of excelling others by the most splendid competition of skill or ability.

The farmer's daughter was to return to her native country in manners, breeding,
accom-

accomplishments, the favourite nymph o
a young rich heir's affections. With these
sentiments I sat down and penned the fol-
lowing letter to my father :

“ How shall I divulge the sentiments of
“ my breast ! — Is it not reserved for a
“ task of the greatest delicacy to open the
“ motives of a young and ardent mind, on
“ the dawn of action, panting to enter on
“ the bustling theatre of life ? — To relate
“ my virtue, would be presumption — to
“ relate my weakness, abashes me — but I
“ would be guarded from the perpetration
“ of wrong, parental injustice — injustice to
“ myself — Alas ! how can youth be shielded
“ with the experience of age ? Let me then
“ beseech you to note, with the shrewd eye
“ of experience, the errors of my youth ;
“ your feeling heart and liberal spirit will
“ soften your rebuke ; and though my
“ wishes may be circumvented, I shall re-
“ ceive a consolation in my grief.”

This was part of the letter which I wrote
to my father, setting forth the nature of my
attachment to Fanny Underwood, and in
which

which I discovered the project to have her introduced into life. There was a habit of mutual confidence which subsisted between us, and I considered him in the light of a generous friend more than a rigorous and austere parent.

His conduct to me drew this unfeigned confidence from my breast—Chearful and familiar in his parental authority, I was, as it were, cozened into my duty, and my heart fascinated to reveal its most secret mysteries.

By the same post I dispatched the following letter to my nurse; and, after having thus disburdened my mind of its load of rising cares, and my fancy of its treasures to accelerate that portion of human happiness, but too often more lodged in the pursuit than the possession, I felt myself greatly the man, and already fit to launch into the ocean of life.

The head master of Westminster finding a peculiar gravity in my temper, which, united to my facility in the exercises of the school,

school, determined to take the first opportunity to recommend me for the University, and for which summons I now impatiently waited.

THE LETTER TO MY NURSE.

“ To a name so tender, what addition
 “ can be made? What are the obligations which are due to a woman, whose
 “ fondness and peculiar offices of infant
 “ regard have equalled that of the tenderest parent? Must these sentiments,
 “ on my rising into life, be suppressed by
 “ an elevated station, and, sensible of the
 “ disparity of birth, be taught to esteem
 “ the wife of farmer Underwood less grateful to my feelings than at the moment
 “ when my pen is employed in divulging
 “ the secrets of my heart? No, thou indulgent parent and friend; my soul is
 “ prepared to render up every grateful tribute to thy endearing kindness. This
 “ pleasing thought has discarded all repugnance; and though a servile custom
 “ may have placed a barrier to a reciprocal
 “ return

“ return of affection, I am proof against
 “ its influence ; and this my first impres-
 “ sion shall be found for ever sacred and
 “ eternal in my breast.

“ Know then, the milk which the little
 “ foster Edward drew from thy breasts,
 “ now flows in the current of his blood ;
 “ and thy lineage, in strong sympathy, is
 “ impressed in his nature——

“ The lovely Fanny——

“ And canst thou not divine, with the
 “ sagacious eye of an experienced parent,
 “ this charm of my soul ? By all those
 “ ties which can recal maternal tenderness,
 “ while my heart has any pulse of grateful
 “ remembrance for the debt which nor
 “ wealth nor kindness can repay, I am
 “ immovably fixed in my resolution.

“ And where your fears ? and where ob-
 “ jection ? When Fanny is fit for mar-
 “ riage, why should her mother refuse to
 “ lead her to the bridal bed of him whose
 “ fortune and sincere love will raise her to

“ the supreme of human happiness? Dread
 “ not the displeasure of my parents—I
 “ have a scheme in contemplation to allay
 “ the pride of their hearts; and they will
 “ give their consent when they find my
 “ expedient has been contrived to render
 “ the union suitable to their wishes.

“ Let me then cherish this pleasing hope
 “ of my soul; and when the inequality of
 “ station should chance to step between the
 “ fond wishes of a mother who aspires to
 “ the completion of her daughter’s fortune
 “ and felicity, think that the same breast
 “ which reared your lovely daughter was
 “ generously bestowed on an alien child,
 “ whose life and fortune should be as gene-
 “ rously offered up in tribute to such kind-
 “ nefs.

“ These are the pure sentiments of my
 “ heart, and time will ripen them into
 “ action. Teach, then, to the dear little
 “ Fanny, and think of rendering that filial
 “ epithet real which you have so often be-
 “ stowed on

“ EDWARD HALES.

“ N.B.

N. B. This letter was preserved by Doctor Philpot, when Underwood had shewn it to my father ; and when Lady Hales, with indignation, after its perusal, snatched it from his hands to commit it to the flames.

From the Doctor's common-place book.

When Mrs. Underwood had received the pure incense of this natural attachment, perhaps a mother's vanity might have lighted up her soul to shew her some bright vision of future good fortune to her family. She perused the letter with ecstasy, and flew with it to her husband.

There was a gloom spread on the face of this respectable tenant. It was inauspicious to the messenger of these tidings. He shook his head, and cried, " Go, go, woman. I have never known
 " any good to arise from inequality of
 " conditions — our family has been too
 " near our betters — it has poisoned our
 " simplicity — our stomachs begin to loathe
 " the plain repast of temperance and frugality — we are ruined ———

He crumpled the letter into his pocket, cried shaw to his wife, and left the house.

It was in the afternoon, when the Baronet was just preparing to fill her ladyship's glass on his son Edward's expedition to the celebrated university of Cambridge, when Underwood's name was announced to the party. It was a trio, and I completed it.

“ Sir Simon,” says he, — the Baronet had filled him a bumper — “ this is the last
 “ time I shall have the honour of drinking
 “ your health under your roof — my heart
 “ is troubled. I am come to throw up
 “ my lease, and to leave your neighbour-
 “ hood. My family was once simple, and
 “ methought the farm some few years back
 “ looked more prosperous. Now my fa-
 “ mily are growing up, I should expect to
 “ see the fruits of experience, and at least
 “ some discretion as the ornament of a far-
 “ mer's wife. Sir Simon, I must be brief,
 “ very plain, and bold. Your family
 “ have done us no great good. Young
 “ minds are always aping their betters.
 “ Samuel is grown sulky with the team, and
 “ is

“ is stuffing his pockets every day with
 “ books to imitate the scholarship of
 “ master Edward. Fanny wears her rib-
 “ bands like Miss Sophy, and has turned
 “ her blue-checked bibs and aprons into
 “ dishclouts — reads novels and works,
 “ fandango stuff, by the side of her mo-
 “ ther, who, I will say that in her favour,
 “ does not altogether approve of such un-
 “ seemly notions, yet has not a resolution
 “ to disapprove them. Fashion is catch-
 “ ing, Sir Simon, and the little must copy
 “ the great, and so we are ruined. I mean
 “ to quit your farm next Lady Day, and
 “ to remove at some distance from the old
 “ spot.”

Underwood's steady countenance had
 made some impression on the Baronet, who,
 suspecting by his quaintness of expression
 there was a latent reason of much greater
 importance for his leaving the farm, he
 urged him in point as to the real cause.

Shall I, or shall I not? is the perpetual
 question of our lives. We are always in
 doubt. Underwood hesitated. The Baronet's

quick eye and intellectual vivacity fascinated the truth from him.

“ The principal reason is here,” he cried ; and he put the letter in his hand. He read it with some emotion. Lady Hales immediately rose up, and claimed a perusal at the instant he took his eyes from the letter ; which she had no sooner done than, with the greatest possible tremulous irritation, she threw it into the fire, from whence Sir Simon rescued it.

Spirit of jealous precaution, what were the upraiding sentiments that flashed in her mind !

“ My apprehensions are then realised,” she cried. “ The vanity of his wife—artful woman !—Plot —she had taken advantage of the trust reposed in her”—it was all placed to her contrivance, and no threat or indignant epithet spared.

The loss of her temper jarred the manhood of her tenant. Men are independent

dant when they are made the sport of injustice. Underwood replied :

“ Equal situations, please your ladyship,
“ are the true guides to our happiness.
“ Perhaps I am as reluctant to the match
“ as your ladyship.”

“ Match, fellow ! ”——

Sir Simon interposed, and extolled the generous conduct of Underwood. Lady Hales accused his wife of design, and him of connivance for permitting the intercourse to proceed to this length.

“ Where is your daughter, fellow ? —
“ send her this instant from you—she must
“ be kept at a distance in concealment. I
“ told you, Sir Simon, my conceptions
“ were true.”

“ Conceptions ! ” he repeated with a smile. “ Women are always pregnant with fancy, and then they talk of conceptions. Had you followed the

“ same native impulse which has governed
 “ Edward in the choice of a wife”——

She fired —— “ Take care, Sir Simon”——

“ I say it is natural for the boy to love
 “ his foster nurse, and perfectly natural to
 “ love a beautiful young girl, the daughter
 “ of honest parents; and no discredit
 “ neither to the gentry, as we call our-
 “ selves.”

“ Very well, Sir Simon. I knew how
 “ this affair would prosper under your sage
 “ reflections—you countenance it.”

“ Madam, you should have nursed the
 “ boy yourself, and then you might have
 “ assumed the whole power of judging in
 “ these matters.”

The severest reproof that ever escaped
 the lips of this liberal and indulgent parent.

Lady Hales left the room with a marked
 disorder.

“ Well,”

“ Well,” says he, on her absence,
 “ what are your sentiments, Mr. Under-
 “ wood, on this overture of my son ?”

“ I do not approve of it, Sir ; nor has
 “ it ever received my countenance. I
 “ mean to follow her ladyship’s advice—
 “ remove my daughter—and I also think
 “ of removing myself—we have been too
 “ near neighbours, I fear, Sir Simon.”

“ But where do you mean to send her,
 “ neighbour ?”

“ Out of the way of temptation and va-
 “ nity—I foresee great trouble in my fa-
 “ mily—my wife has never been in her
 “ usual old way of thinking since master
 “ Edward last paid us a visit—her mind
 “ has been busied beyond the ordinary
 “ cares of her family. And what must I
 “ expect from all this ? Why, truly, con-
 “ tempt or infamy. If I aim at greatness
 “ in an honourable match, I shall be hated
 “ and despised by your family ; if I coun-
 “ tenance any farther connection, I shall

“ entail a reproach on my name which
 “ nothing will wipe off.

“ But methinks, Sir Simon, her lady-
 “ ship should not have been so hard upon
 “ me neither. To speak my mind plainly,
 “ though for my own happiness as well as
 “ yours, I shall do my utmost to break off
 “ this understanding of Master Edward
 “ and my daughter, I must do myself the
 “ justice which I merit.

“ Match, fellow !” were the words of her
 ladyship.

“ I am no fellow, Sir Simon. I am de-
 “ scended from a family of yeomen, of as
 “ great antiquity as your noble ancestry.
 “ Doctor Philpot says, ‘ though we are of
 “ the Saxon line, and descended from the
 “ stout Kentish men under Harold, we are
 “ as honourable as those who followed the
 “ Conqueror.’ But however this be, you
 “ well know the family of the Under-
 “ woods ; and I am sure you know nothing
 “ that can make us despicable. I am no
 “ fellow, Sir Simon. The cultivation of
 “ our

“ our parent earth has been an honourable
 “ profession from the beginning of the
 “ world—from such as we, are descended
 “ the greatest men of the universe; and
 “ my father bestowed upon me sufficient
 “ education to give me this knowledge of
 “ my own importance to the state, that
 “ there is more true honour and true merit
 “ in the culture of the earth for the prefer-
 “ vation of its inhabitants, than in the
 “ study of those infernal professions allied
 “ to our gentry, which spirit them into
 “ their destruction, and to the desolation
 “ of their country. To this noble profes-
 “ sion was most of your ancestors trained
 “ up. ’Tis true they had wealth procured
 “ by the sweat of our brow to support
 “ them in their nobility, and great feats of
 “ prowess; while their real supporters were
 “ men of peaceful, inoffensive lives, as
 “ harmless as the poor yoke of oxen creep-
 “ ing over their furrows.”

Sir Simon fixed a staring eye on his tenant.
 I was an abettor of this sensible yeoman.

“ It was in the time of the Crusadoes—

“ the wars in the Holy Land—How many
 “ of the Underwood family do you think,
 “ Sir Simon, may have been sacrificed by
 “ one of the Halefes, when he mustered
 “ all his hinds, vassals and villains, to ac-
 “ company him on that expedition under
 “ the first Edward ?”

I was in pursuit of my favourite chrono-
 logical and biographical enquiries ; and I
 must confess, from the bottom of my heart,
 I was in love with the Underwood cause.

“ And what was all this blood of our
 “ poor Kentish yeomen shed for ? For-
 “ sooth only to adorn the escutcheon of our
 “ knights with red crosses, and to buy va-
 “ lour for their masters at the risque of
 “ having their own throats cut by fierce
 “ Saracens and infidels. Cæsar mounted
 “ to the imperial throne on the dead bo-
 “ dies of his valiant foldiers ; and give me
 “ leave to assure you, Sir Simon, that the
 “ forefathers of my old acquaintance, Un-
 “ derwood, in the feudal times of old,
 “ were full as much necessary to the fame
 “ of the family of the Halefes, as the

“ power of the haughty baron was essen-
 “ tial to the preservation of his territory
 “ against the inroad of his enemy. Now,
 “ thank God, we are all united under a
 “ King and wise Government. The yeo-
 “ man is now free of his lord, and has a
 “ right to declare his sentiments like a true
 “ and bold-hearted Briton.”

He was still serious without a reply—but
 the claret went round, and we all drank
 our glasses.

During a short pause of conversation,
 when Sir Simon was inveloped in thought,
 the bell of Lady Hales rang with uncom-
 mon violence, and the mansion was raised
 to a bustle.

Her ladyship had ordered her carriage
 and her travelling baggage to be got ready,
 and she was actually equipping herself with
 her riding apparel.

Turning to me, the knight exclaimed,
 “ Doctor Philpot, this is a trying moment,
 “ and I have a struggle within me con-
 F 6 “ cerning

“ cerning the firmness of a husband’s
 “ heart. I know the spirit of Lady Hales
 “ —she is projecting some plan of vio-
 “ lence — if I relax, the family will be
 “ ruined — we must be cruel only to be
 “ kind——

“ I shall not interpose — inflexible — we
 “ have long been engaged in a kind of
 “ domestic warfare; all our lives, I may say.
 “ My projects are always circumvented,
 “ and she, on her side, continually de-
 “ vising the most preposterous innovations
 “ on the prudent system of my domestic
 “ arrangements, which you well know re-
 “ quires, on my side, the most masterly ar-
 “ gument and firm conduct to surmount.
 “ If I trust all to the storm, where my hap-
 “ piness? what! to the caprice of a sex,
 “ who know no bounds to their demands,
 “ and who have placed no barrier to the
 “ rule of their conduct?

“ They are but profligate stewards in
 “ their trust, make the best of them — No,
 “ no, my friend; I will have the bringing
 “ up of an only son in my own way — she
 “ has

“ has no right to interpose—What ! sacri-
 “ fice my public career to the peace of
 “ domestic retirement, and find as many
 “ obstacles to my happiness at this time of
 “ my life as in the perplexing bustle and
 “ vortex of the British senate !

“ Always circumvented at home—let
 “ her proceed—I will not be over-ruled
 “ in spite of the Scotch *hauteur* and proud
 “ blood in her veins. Let her relax—the
 “ spirit of suppleness will make the mar-
 “ riage state enviable by the angels hover-
 “ ing around us.

“ And you are a good witness, Doctor,
 “ that she made the vow of obedience at
 “ the altar.”

“ It is now near twenty years, Sir Simon.”

“ Not twenty moons, in her imagination
 “ —but I am resolved on the victory—
 “ upon my honour resolved—(placing his
 “ hand upon his heart)—let her set off.
 “ What is your opinion, Doctor ?”

I gently

I gently raised my square-toe shoe to the Baronet, and fixing my eye upon it, as much as to say I was acquainted with the old proverb and that he must be the best judge of the tender part who wears a pinching shoe, I bridled my tongue, and said nothing.

Thus silence prevailed—Underwood was rising—the Baronet pulled him to the chair.

The coach and four drove up to the door—the luggage was strapping on behind—her maid was handing band-boxes into it—her ladyship was a considerable time before she made her appearance with her daughter Sophy. At last she came out with a tremulous step and disconcerted countenance. Sir Simon went to the door, and, with a strained politeness, handed her into it. She was confused; but she supported her spirit, and the carriage drove off.

When the Baronet returned to us, in his looks there was thought mixed with some inward conflict: at intervals his features seemed smoothened to a collected pause of reflection.

reflection, and at others the emotion of his heart was obvious to the most indifferent observer.

“ Here is my hand, Mr. Underwood,” he cried ; “ and as you are returning home, “ I would strongly recommend a perfect “ confidence in my conduct towards your “ family. Let it rest ; let it rest. Speak “ peace to your wife on the subject. You “ shall hear from me in a few days.”

“ *Rei exitus est in manu Domini, sed quid “ tentare nocebit ?* says my Cordery, Doctor. I am resolved on a trial.”

This sentence turned his looks to composure. I nodded approbation. The party was broken up.

Farmer Underwood retired. Sir Simon took me by the arm, and we inclined towards the lawn for the shrubbery.

“ It is of importance, Doctor ; there is “ an inverse plan of arriving at happiness. “ The old, dull, beaten track is so much “ worn

“ worn and frequented, that we get jostled,
 “ and find ourselves continually tripping
 “ by the settings of legs which we en-
 “ counter in our road.

“ I will find out another *circumvendi-*
 “ *bus* for this young dog, Edward.”

“ But where is her ladyship ?” I now
 ventured to ask.

“ ’Tis a freak—the whim of the mo-
 “ ment—it will not last—this violence will
 “ find its own cure when it meets with no
 “ opposition—I regard it not.”

“ But gentlenefs, good Sir Simon”——

“ Poh, Doctor ; look at your shoe again
 “ —filly old batchelor—let me invert it
 “ now—I gained no ground in my puling
 “ days——

“ *Hoc nihil est, nisi dum calet agitur—*

“ I am determined to keep it up.

Tho’

“ Tho’ that her jesses were my dear heart-
 “ strings,
 “ I’d whistle her off, and let her down the
 “ wind,
 “ To prey at fortune.”

Thus running on with broken sentences, larded with apothegms, we found ourselves on the turn of the shrubbery which faces the public road, when we beheld a distant view of the equipage returning to Boxley.

“ I have triumphed,” exclaimed the Baronet. “ ’Twas a valiant conflict —
 “ Oh, I have felt it here — I can now re-
 “ cognize all her virtues, my old friend.

“ Come, let us hasten to the house.”

There are moments when it is dangerous to look in a man’s face ; there is a plaguy line of sympathy which fascinates, and our feeble hearts melt with participation.

OPPOSITE SENTIMENTS OF HAPPINESS—
A PLAN DEVISED.

Continued from the Doctor's note book.

I BELIEVE there were some tears shed—the passions of the human heart are perpetually contrasted—I found them both in perfect good humour—It seemed a happy compromise.

“ You treat the affair with indifference,
“ my dear. Lady Hales, shall I divulge
“ the sentiments of my heart? I see no-
“ thing in this early attachment of Edward
“ that should either cause you this violent
“ alarm, or me the most transient unea-
“ siness.”

“ Nothing!” she gravely repeated.

“ I have balanced the evil and the
“ good,” replied Sir Simon. Granted he
“ has immovably fixed his heart on the
“ daughter

“ daughter of this honest tenant — nay,
 “ nay, he added, you are not in a frame of
 “ temper to suffer my sentiments to ope-
 “ rate.”

“ What is to follow ?” she resumed.
 “ But I am prepared. Your extraordi-
 “ nary ideas, in direct opposition to all re-
 “ ceived opinion, I am no stranger to.”

“ My extraordinary ideas, Madam, have
 “ the sanction of truth ; and you must allow
 “ also, that my judgement has not been
 “ impeached by your ladyship since the
 “ all-hallowed day of our union. If you
 “ grant me this as an encouragement to
 “ proceed, I will tell you why I do not
 “ disapprove of Edward’s attachment.”

“ Not disapprove !” — her eyes lifted
 up to the ceiling.

“ Contemplate the choice couples of the
 “ age—see where mental and corporeal at-
 “ tractions have drawn the female victim
 “ to the altar, and the parent, like the
 “ bearded

“ bearded high priest of Pagan supersti-
 “ tion, prepared to give the fatal stroke to
 “ perfection and innocence. Dressed out
 “ like the milk-white heifer in her gar-
 “ lands and perfumed vestments, she is
 “ adorned to make a sacrifice of her happi-
 “ nesses to vice, debility, and disease—and
 “ under what imposing auspices! — the
 “ sanction of a mercenary parent—Reverse
 “ the scenery—Again behold the magnifi-
 “ cently attired victim—a blaze of light
 “ encircling the tiara—the eastern gem
 “ sparkling to the eye of the prodigal and
 “ prostituted bridegroom: behold the ge-
 “ nius of devoted anguish, misery and re-
 “ pentance, hovering over the deluded
 “ maid; and would you, waving all me-
 “ taphor, draw conclusions of happiness
 “ from these ill-sorted marriages?”

“ You are so strange, Sir Simon——
 “ I would have my children prudently
 “ married—and as the approbation of the
 “ world”——

The Baronet repeating the words, ‘ the
 ‘ approbation of the world,’ —“ What has
 “ that

“ that to do with the happiness of our
“ children ?”

“ Every thing,” replied her ladyship.

“ Sacrifice your fame, your wealth, your
“ happiness, to the approbation of the
“ world, Doctor. (He was turning to
“ me) it will grant no quarter till you
“ have bestowed on it all the varied in-
“ cense of life.

“ You may then sink into a fool, and
“ drop into the grave without a farewell
“ tear of a friend shed over your obse-
“ quies.”

“ The approbation of our hearts.

“ Read me Edward’s letter to his nurse
“ over again distinctly, Doctor.”

He seemed to applaud the sentiments
which it contained, and exclaimed,
“ there is more real worth in the spring of
“ action from the heart, than in all the
“ forms

“ forms invented by the arts and collusions
 “ of a ridiculous world to pave our way
 “ to honour and glory.”

“ And so,” replied her ladyship, erect,
 cold, and now assuming a tone which she
 thought, no doubt, would carry conviction
 along with it — “ and so the boy must be
 “ trusted to the random impulse of a fine-
 “ feeling heart, as you are pleased to stile
 “ it, without the interposition of a friend
 “ to cure him of his romantic ideas? The
 “ letter is fit for a circulating library of
 “ novels; and it is a doubt with me whe-
 “ ther it is not copied from some new ro-
 “ mance of the day.

“ In More’s Enchiridion Ethicum,
 “ which you, Doctor, once put into my
 “ hands, there is a citation from Théages,
 “ a Greek writer, which begins with PA-
 “ RORMESIN TINA—There is an impulsion
 “ and a certain enthusiasm alone derived
 “ from our nature without our previous
 “ deliberation or election.

“ I re-

“ I remember it well. More calls it in
 “ the same chapter, *Murmur et susurrus*
 “ *divinioris cujusdam legis*.

“ Great God of nature, that thy articu-
 “ lating voice was always obeyed in the in-
 “ tellectual region of the earth ! What
 “ idle plans and silly theories have human
 “ beings invented for the rule of their hap-
 “ piness !”

“ Speculations of interest, Doctor,”
 cried Sir Simon.

“ Neither Greek nor Latin, nor the
 “ scorn of Sir Simon, shall change my sen-
 “ timents respecting the decorum and or-
 “ der of life,” replied Lady Hales.

“ If no regard must be paid to form,
 “ and we are to be guided by first impres-
 “ sions, there would soon be found a
 “ strange jumble in society. Our sons
 “ would be coupled to our scullion
 “ wenches, and our daughters to jockey
 “ boys—but the ladies, Sir Simon, are al-
 “ ways held at a most unmerciful arm’s
 “ length

“ length in your estimation ; and as for
 “ Doctor Philpot, it is very plain he does
 “ not believe that our sex is by any means
 “ entitled to an honourable rank in the
 “ scale of creation.”

“ Her mind is big with some plan, which
 “ will require all my skill and penetration
 “ to circumvent,” said the Baronet, when
 she had left the room, and before I had re-
 gained my chair, after rising to open the
 door for her.

“ She left the house with violence ; and
 “ if I do not set too great a value on my
 “ conceptions, her baggage was ordered
 “ for a longer absence—it took the road to
 “ her old friend and counsellor Lady
 “ Jekyll—there, there, believe me, dear
 “ Doctor, was her machination centered—
 “ perhaps it was well she changed her
 “ mind, and returned in better temper—
 “ I had wound up this frame to the con-
 “ vincing admonition of concurrence and
 “ sound judgement, and then it is dange-
 “ rous to tamper, you know.

“ But

“ But the Jekylls, Doctor—there is a
 “ plot working in that quarter—My boy
 “ allied to that family!—Death! the emas-
 “ culated scion of an East-Indian trafficker
 “ in human blood, to contaminate the pure
 “ current of British virtue!—Should this
 “ be grafted in the ancient family of the
 “ Haleses!—The Jekylls!—The pride of
 “ my soul rebels—the father emerged from
 “ a purlieu in St. James’s Street, pimp, pan-
 “ dor, and sycophant—I knew his origin
 “ well—I feel a shame burning within me
 “ which, on any other theme, would con-
 “ demn this railing—But my honest boy
 “ Edward, and my daughter Sophy too!—
 “ Fie, fie, Lady Hales; this mercenary
 “ temper is very unhandsome.

“ The fellow stood once at my back with
 “ a goblet of wine in his hand——

“ Doctor, I have a scheme to impart to
 “ you—Can you explain to me what Aris-
 “ totle means by his *Νόμον ἰσοκλινῆ*?
 “ Edward can do no wrong in this busi-
 “ ness.”—He was determined it should
 have its course.

I think we understood each other, and I made him this reply as we parted, *Licetum esse quicquid passio suadet.*

He answered, "right, right, my good friend; you have divined my meaning."

A MIND PROOF TO THE SNARES OF AMBITION.—*From the Doctor's note book.*

WHEN he was labouring with some big project, I had very rarely any decisive induction into it—in his peculiar moments his delicacy was shocked with interrogation—and I have oftentimes applauded the Baronet for this kind of mental reserve, which, in my opinion, like the main spring of a machine, operates the more forcibly by its retention. In his defence I have always thought it argued a feebleness of mind for men to be always blabbing and

prating of their projects. The claim of friendship may be too voracious in these cases—consultation destroys the spring of action—I love the heart to be its own minister in all the vibrating pangs of conscience. There is a rhetoric in this kind of privy counsel which transcends the cold and mercenary caution of friendship, when the man is but too often perplexed in his own casuistry and self love.

Yet, as soon as he had once entered the theatre, the case was altered—all his actions were divulged to his friend.

Though by our foregoing conversation, what with ambiguous phrases, and words which escaped from the overflowings of his heart, I had collected a sufficient store of ideas to anticipate the system of his theory: I had no thought that it was his intention to convert the same so soon into practice. This being the case, I was received into his study, and made acquainted with his following transaction with Underwood:

He had strolled to Oldthorpe farm — Mrs. Underwood received him with a timid, yet scrutinising countenance — fear and anxiety were strongly painted in her countenance. The farmer was taking the rounds of his uplands. His chief business was with the husband ; but the look of the tremulous mother, the inquisitive pervading eye made his senses rush upon his heart, and he was constrained to accost her.

“ Where is your daughter Susan ? ” — the Baronet’s usual appellation.

“ In tears, Sir.”

“ The cause, good woman ? ”

“ She has been reproved by my husband
 “ —there was something in her dress which
 “ has displeased him ; and as the contents
 “ of the letter from Master Edward has
 “ given him so much uneasiness, there is
 “ nothing in his family which can afford
 “ him any pleasure now. He says we are
 “ proud and prodigal, and we are striving
 “ to imitate our betters. As for Fanny,
 “ she

“ she is to go out to service to bring down
 “ her spirit. Samuel has been all the day
 “ at plough to break him of a bad custom,
 “ as he calls it—reading story books, and
 “ casting accounts. I shall be loath to part
 “ with my daughter, Sir Simon: she is
 “ now turned of her sixteenth year, and
 “ grows so handy in the family—looks
 “ after the dairy, and tends her little bro-
 “ ther. But Richard will have it so. He
 “ talks too of moving to Nettleby farm
 “ next Lady Day—a sorry kind of a place,
 “ to be sure—but he says it will try our
 “ industry the more, and that we shall then
 “ learn to be something better than gentle-
 “ folks.”

“ He has got strange notions in his head,
 “ Susan—I always thought it was the pride
 “ of most families to rise in the world, and
 “ to have an ambition to improve their
 “ children.”

“ Very true, Sir Simon. These are my
 “ thoughts, I must, from the bottom of my
 “ heart, confess; but I am obliged, not-
 “ withstanding, to give into my husband’s

“ moroseness. I have given my pledge,
 “ you know, to obey ; and obedience, to
 “ be sure, is my duty : but I cannot help,
 “ for all that, to be pleased when I see my
 “ son and daughter improve in their learn-
 “ ing, and look a little better than the
 “ clodpoles around us ; and notwithstand-
 “ ing his railing so much at gentility, I am
 “ sure there is more goodness and virtue,
 “ and I may say industry too, to be found
 “ among those who are decently brought
 “ up, than among the very lowest of the
 “ villagers ; who, to my certain know-
 “ ledge, the more they are ragged, poor,
 “ and ignorant, the more the vices gain
 “ ground among them.”

“ I believe it,” replied Sir Simon. “ But
 “ why is my friend Dick Underwood so
 “ over-and-above severe in his family ?”

“ He has been so ever since the ruin of
 “ his friend, farmer Sudbury’s family.”

DOCTOR

MRS. UNDERWOOD'S ANECDOTE PUT INTO
SOME FORM BY PHILPOT.

“ Farmer Sudbury had two sons and
 “ three daughters. He was always for
 “ pushing his children, as he called it, and
 “ spared no pains and expence in giving
 “ them the best of educations. His eldest
 “ son, William, he put under a noted
 “ lawyer in London; and his son Thomas
 “ he sent to the University to rise in the
 “ church. The three girls went to board-
 “ ing schools at thirty pounds a year each,
 “ to be made fine ladies of—and fine
 “ ladies, in good truth, they turned out.
 “ Molly, the oldest, was asked by her mo-
 “ ther, Dame, as her neighbours used to
 “ call her, to stand at the wash-tub; but
 “ she soon gave her to understand, that
 “ gentility was not to be treated in that
 “ wise.—‘La, mama,’ said she, ‘the
 “ daughter of Mr. Ebony, the cabinet-
 “ maker, never does these matters, for
 “ her mama keeps washer-women to save
 “ her white hands from growing coarse
 “ with dabling in sope suds.’—The girl
 “ was now rebuked for pride, and growing
 “ above her family.—Snubbed perpetu-
 “ ally

“ ally by her mother, and taught by a town
 “ boarding school to despise the rusty
 “ roof that nursed her, she soon preferred
 “ the abandoned addresses of a gay officer;
 “ and with the promise of a smart riding
 “ dress, and assurances of the most faith-
 “ ful love, Miss Polly left her home; and
 “ after the officer had boasted for a few
 “ months of her pretty face and his easy
 “ conquest, she was turned off to seek her
 “ fortune with some fresh gallant.

“ The second daughter, Miss Lucy,
 “ was taught to be a milliner, and arriving
 “ from London with all the new modes,
 “ she soon turned the heads of all the
 “ lasses of the village about smart caps
 “ and flurrigig bonnets. But Miss Lucy
 “ had not been long in this profession be-
 “ fore she was obliged to decamp sud-
 “ denly, and was not heard of till a few
 “ months afterwards, to the great grief of
 “ poor Sudbury and his wife. The slander
 “ of the village says she was obliged to
 “ leave her shop for the sake of a little
 “ bantling, the fruit of an intrigue with a
 “ banker's clerk in the neighbourhood of
 “ Lom-

“ Lombard Street, of the age of eighteen,
 “ who had promised her marriage when he
 “ was received a partner in the house,
 “ which might be fairly computed, on the
 “ lapse of at least twenty years; provided
 “ his fidelity and ability were so happily
 “ rewarded.

“ The youngest daughter happening to
 “ be pock marked, and somewhat ill-
 “ favoured, the mother resolved on keep-
 “ ing her at home to assist in the family—
 “ but jealous of her sister’s better fortune,
 “ she was always twitting her parents with
 “ their partiality, and lamenting her own
 “ hard fortune in being brought up in that
 “ line which nature had originally intended
 “ her for. The insensibility of her own supe-
 “ rior happiness by degrees subsided, and
 “ she now finds she is indebted to her want
 “ of personal charms for her present pecu-
 “ liar good fortune of life.

“ William, the lawyer, by studying at
 “ the Temple, very soon grew ashamed
 “ of his home, and the respectable sta-
 “ tion of his parents; and as one of

“ his companions, in a rude vagary, twit-
 “ ted him with the name of lawyer bum-
 “ kin, his pride insisted on the satisfaction
 “ of a gentleman, and he was shot through
 “ his body with a pistol ball.

“ Thomas, the parson, turned his coat
 “ for a red one, because the farmers in the
 “ parish called him a Methodist preacher;
 “ and his father, to flatter his own vanity,
 “ and the resentment of his neighbours,
 “ bought him a pair of colours : but the
 “ palate of the corps not relishing the son
 “ of a rich and respectable yeoman to meals
 “ with them, he was obliged to leave Eng-
 “ land for America to balance the want of
 “ genteel birth with his personal valour.
 “ On the first day of his landing, singled
 “ out by an American savage behind a
 “ bush, being rather too proud of his
 “ cockade and gorget, he was left on the
 “ sands with a hole through his body by
 “ the ball of a rifle—a prey to sea cormo-
 “ rants.

“ Thus ended a blooming and healthy
 “ line of poor Sudbury, who, by aspiring

“ to raise his family to those stations which
 “ were only peculiar to a certain descrip-
 “ tion of people, he has now to lament
 “ his absurdity in bestowing an education
 “ on his children, which drew upon them
 “ the greatest curse and vengeance of
 “ fate.”

know

AN ATTEMPT TO DELINEATE CHARACTER.

There is always some leading trait in men which turns their thoughts to a certain bias. 'Tis in vain to attempt to change the course of their actions in this case — danger is generally stepping in between our good intentions, when we are throwing a check in their way ; and we never fail to find them farther off the game of their happiness, notwithstanding all our most sedulous endeavours to turn them to our inclinations.

The heart of Underwood had been for a course of years fixed on some improvements in the line of his profession ; which, by an uncommon share of enthusiasm, he had heated his fancy with, and which had amounted, in his mind, by a species of na-
 G 6 tural

tural sophistry, to the most honourable in the British dominions.

He had gained some premiums from the society of arts and sciences for his ingenuity in the management of land; and, possessed with an enterprising spirit, he was surprised his wife and children did not give into the same fervour.

Perhaps it may be for the want of a worldly participator in our peculiar notions of happiness—in our virtues, follies, caprices, whims, or friskiness, that our minds are sometimes inclined to return inward upon ourselves, and we then are tempted to survey our actions with gloom or moroseness.

Sir Simon had gained the upland—Underwood was resting himself under a hedge, and his son Samuel seated at a small distance with a book in his hand. A new-invented plough was near them—the horses eating a whiff of hay, and the plough boy exhilarating nature with a coarse repast.

When

When the Baronet approached, Underwood rose up with a smile on his face ; and not doubting but the fame of his plough had been the cause of his visit, the predominant passion of his heart burst forth with the most delectable store of circumstantial egotism.

Sir Simon heard him with patience, and he sympathised with his animated discourse on the improvements of his farm.

At the head of this section was prefixed, " a mind proof to the snares of ambition." It is here necessary to clear up the ambiguity of the expression. The remark was intended to be applied to my honest friend Underwood. But in the develloping of his character the word ambition should more intimately apply to his disclaiming any views of raising his family to a station in life beyond their own origin. But with him this glory of the human heart paused on the culture of his grounds, and the pretence of proving himself one of the most experienced and capable farmers in the county of Kent. And such is man in
maxims

maxims of this world's happiness, that all the honours of opulence and exalted conditions could not equiponderate the honour of this species of popularity.

Censure me not, then, to whom the less penetrating laws of human nature is imparted, when thus arrayed in the grim colours of misanthropy. I am curious to dispossess the human heart of its independant honours, and to assign to it all the selfish arts and resources, to cozen the world with its false pretensions.

Perhaps thou art moved to admire the firm integrity of Underwood? But when thou art informed that sordid selfishness was more manifested in his maxims of life than the desire of imparting pleasure and a reciprocal happiness to his wife and children, thou mayest then be inclined to group this character with those whom thou hast had discernment to view the motives of.

However strong might be his natural intelligence, would you reason with a rustic on the extraneous happiness of individuals?

Puffed

Puffed up with a sense of his own consequence in the rank which he holds in civil society, he has not sufficient philanthropy to consider that he reigns despotic under his own thatch, and that he is planning a system, to which his family must yield with the most passive and unlimited obedience.

Reserved for the task of delicacy and refinement, the well-regulated soul will not suffer its own maxims to be subversive of general happiness. It will contemplate the grand theatre of life on a broad, varied, and party-checkered scale of action; and though it may endeavour to attract the notice of others to its own selfish inclinations, it will still admit of a perfect toleration in all its intercourses. By this complacent rule of conduct we are always sure on our journey to pick up some well-disposed and cheerful friend to beguile the time. 'Tis the polite traveller, and him only, who can entertain his companion with good humour and urbanity — whether the viands of his friend are favoured with garlic or *asafoetida*, he can eat his own mutton without a nausea at the capricious *haut gout*.

With

! With these sentiments of men and manners did the Baronet accost his tenant, with whom he withdrew to a neighbouring copse—but they were sentiments—hush—the pride of my own heart is here intermeddling—they were sentiments of my own fostering—it was my own filling up on the grand design of nature—I loved the Baronet, and this mastership of finishing the picture did not a little instance the self-love of the artist.

“ I am come,” says he, “ to ask your
 “ reasons for that reluctance of family con-
 “ nection which you discovered in your
 “ conversation when you put into my
 “ hands the love letter of my son Ed-
 “ ward ?”

Underwood stared — seemed not to comprehend his meaning.

“ You oppose the match of your
 “ daughter to the heir of an honourable
 “ title and great estates—On what other
 “ premises, than from a sordid conception,
 “ that your groveling happiness will be
 “ invaded

“ invaded by a change of condition ? Are
 “ you ashamed to wear a better coat, or to
 “ see your servants tilling that ground to
 “ which your spirit of lucre obliges you
 “ now to lend an assisting hand ? Or is it
 “ because a servile custom has brought
 “ your happiness down to the contempla-
 “ tion of a fine field of wheat, and you are
 “ disgusted with the produce, when laid
 “ before you on a clean cloth, and under a
 “ richer canopy than you possess at Old-
 “ thorpe ? Let me hear your prejudice,
 “ farmer.

“ Are you ashamed to see your family
 “ prosperous, and obstinate in refusing a
 “ positive good ?—Do you suffer yourself
 “ to be overruled by your leading passion
 “ of inventing new ploughs and farming
 “ implements, so as not to bestow a thought
 “ on the leading passion of your wife and
 “ children ?”

Underwood still staring ; and in a perfect
 maze at this unexpected overture, was at a
 loss for expression—the Baronet proceeded.

“ The

“ The letter of my son to your daughter
 “ convinces me that his heart has received
 “ an early impressiion, which time will not
 “ efface without much violence; and I
 “ have here to dread the consequence of
 “ those passions which, when once averted
 “ from their natural and honourable
 “ courses, too often render the man a prey
 “ to the most servile and profligate princi-
 “ ples of pleasure. I am willing to encou-
 “ rage his passion for your daughter, my
 “ honest friend — There is an argument in
 “ his letter which assures me of the right
 “ course I am pursuing—it will, at the
 “ best, be but an experiment, and I have
 “ only myself to condemn if time proves
 “ my system erroneous.

“ Let me be the secret governor of your
 “ family, and try me, whether I cannot be
 “ the best pilot for their happiness.”

The farmer cast a stern eye on the Ba-
 ronet, thanked him with a manlike brevity
 for the high honour he was desirous of con-
 ferring on his family; but persisted in his
 resolution to wave the connection.

Inequa-

Inequality of stations, the scorn of his equals, were some of Underwood's scattered expressions.

The Baronet readily replied to his objections.

“ My fortune,” says he, “ will bear you
 “ through the malice of the world. I will
 “ undertake the education of your daughter
 “ till she is old enough for marriage—this
 “ will, perhaps, force the prejudices of her
 “ ladyship to comply with my system.”

Underwood again repelled the Baronet's tender by the most sudden resistance.

DOCTOR

DOCTOR PHILPOT'S SKILL IN THE HUMAN HEART DOUBTFUL—THE NEGOTIATION REJECTED.

ON the return of the Baronet from Oldthorpe I was instructed in these proceedings, and the budget of his plans opened.

Having failed in his negotiations, it was my turn to be employed in the embassy.

Fanny was to be sent to a boarding school; and at the expiration of two years she was to go to France, to be under the care of my sister Gordon, whose husband had fallen a sacrifice to the Steuart cause in the late rebellion, and who resided at Paris on a very considerable income.

To this mode of education the natural vanity of Mrs. Underwood would, doubtless, assent; and as the plot would be kept
a per-

a perfect secret from Lady Hales, she would naturally the more readily conform to the Baronet's projects.

We were thus certain of the mother—the difficulty to conquer the father.

On the same evening I therefore repaired to the farm. Underwood had just arrived from his daily labour. There was an unusual dejection in his countenance—and I thought by his manner he had anticipated my visit as arising from the overture of the Baronet.

Having had frequent opportunities, on my long visits at Boxley, to encounter this farmer in my solitary walks, and holding a conversation with him on the tillage of ground, by degrees we had formed a kind of social acquaintance, and in time I had acquired his confidence.

I soon opened to him my negotiation, by asking him his reasons for rejecting the offers of the Baronet.

He

He had no wish, he said, to alter the condition of his family.

“What,” I replied, “suppose you
 “were to increase your fortune, by your
 “ingenuity and skill in the culture of
 “your estate, to that degree as to enable
 “your family to live independant, and,
 “like the rich man, to have servants under
 “you, to say to this man, Do this,
 “and he doth it; to another, Come, and
 “he cometh; would you reject this blessing
 “of your Maker?”

“In the language of a divine, I must
 “avow, that if it has pleased the Almighty,
 “for purposes best known to his
 “great wisdom, to fulfil some great design
 “of his providential interference, to call
 “you to a more exalted station in life,
 “should you not exert your greatest resolution
 “to acquit yourself of that duty,
 “and accept of this charge as coming
 “from his hands? Surveying, therefore,
 “the overture of Sir Simon in a religious
 “sense, does it not become your essential
 “duty

“ duty to bestow upon it your serious con-
“ sideration ?

“ Again, I must briefly state to you
“ other sentiments on this singular plan of
“ happiness which the Baronet had de-
“ vised for his son.

“ Nature, when properly, when consis-
“ tently attended to, is our best guide for
“ happiness — and how can you consider
“ the attachment of a young couple to be
“ unnatural, when founded upon the same
“ principles as those of your daughter and
“ Mr. Edward.”

Finding his demurs rising upon me, I
repelled them successively by anticipation,
assuring him, that he might be still consid-
ered as the independant yeoman ; and as
the lustre of his family and fortune in-
creased, so he might have a far greater op-
portunity of proving to the world his firm
adherence to the duties of his profession,
and of his strength of mind in maintaining
a spirit, unshaken by the smiles of fortune,
and

and a judgement unimpaired by its luxuries.

Thus, with Underwood's prepossession in my favour, and the most convincing oratory on my side, possibly also with good hopes that a little of worldly vanity might steal into his heart, I fancied his inflexible spirit would yield to my argument.

I now proved to him, by the most indubitable fact, that on the failure of success in this plan of matrimony, in case of a change of sentiment on the side of young Hales, that he would have the most competent settlement on his daughter—that as the system of her education might exceed the station of her birth, the Baronet had come to a resolution to introduce her into life at a proper age as his own child, and to give her every other suitable advantage.

In reply to my negotiation, Underwood answered to the following purport :—That he was a stubborn philosopher in his principles of happiness—that what the world esteemed genteel life, he considered, of all things,

things, the most miserable. There could be no real happiness, he thought, without mental and bodily labour, which calm independence served completely to banish. When the mind is left to its own resource, without a forcible stimulus to action, it generally sinks into indolence, and the most licentious sentiments take possession of it. That his observation of the higher, or more opulent orders of society, had led him repeatedly to this opinion, and he therefore would obstinately adhere to these sentiments which conviction had forced upon him—sentiments which would incline him to accept of an honourable mediocrity, united with compulsion to labour, the dower which he intended to bestow on his daughter, in preference to the most splendid station. The latter the human mind could not always have sufficient fortitude to manage with prudence, while the former was almost certain to lead the possessor to a more eminent degree of happiness in this life.

From these sentiments he was fixed in his resolutions to refuse his daughter to the son of the Baronet, were he even to be

certain the match would prove acceptable in the eye of all his connections. That the young folks could not, at their time of life, fall martyrs to a childish passion, and that Sir Simon Hales could doubtless discover some other method of setting his son in a stile of marriage to his wishes.

Struck with sentiments delivered to me nearly in a similar form, I could not fail to consider Underwood in the light of some primitive sage which might serve to adorn the page of antient history.

To reply—to endeavour to foil him, armed with such formidable weapons, would be a task beyond the art of a Grecian sophist or declaimer.

In silence I gave up the point—but I requested to see the little elect of Edward's heart before I took my leave of this truly dignified character of a British yeoman.

The countenance of Mrs. Underwood
brightened

brightened on my request, and she left the room to fetch her daughter.

But she soon returned with great appearance of agitation — Fanny was no where to be found. It was far beyond the usual hour of her absence from the premises of the farm — servants were dispatched — no tidings — our anxieties increased — night was drawing on apace — Underwood himself began to discover some disquietude.

All the grounds were searched near the house, and a perpetual shouting kept up for the space of some hours, and every exertion made use of to discover her in vain.

Mrs. Underwood, in a paroxysm of distraction, wandering over the house, and delivered up to the most heart-rending anguish.

Her husband had saddled one of his fleetest horses, and was mounted to ride over the country in pursuit of her. Two of

the servants were dispatched to the neighbouring villages, and I myself prepared to set off for Boxley, where I was in hopes of gaining some intelligence of this extraordinary circumstance.

CRITICAL EVENT IN THE FAMILY OF
THE HALESES.

Still continued from the Doctor's note book.

ON my return to the Boxley mansion my surprise was very great. The son of my friend and patron was returned from Westminster.

To see him at this critical juncture could not fail of confirming me in my sentiments, that he was the cause of the unhappiness at Oldthorpe. But I was soon undeceived in my too hasty conceptions—Cautious and mistrustful age is always severe in its censures of youth.

The Baronet was in uncommon spirits, and, with a countenance of unusual hilarity, presented me with the following letter—it was from the head master of Westminster :

H 3

“I now

“ I now return your son with a mind
 “ that does honour to this foundation, and
 “ to those who have been entrusted with
 “ the success of his natural talents.

“ It would be doing injustice to the unli-
 “ mited confidence which you have placed
 “ in me, were I not to make him the mes-
 “ senger of these favourable sentiments,
 “ and to give you the earliest information
 “ of his fitness for an immediate introduc-
 “ tion to either of our Universities.”

When I had perused the letter, Sir Simon approached me with a repetition of delight, and enquired after the success of my negotiation with Underwood.

We had retired apart, and I informed him of the strange and melancholy tale of the loss of Fanny.

But when I related to him the inflexibility of Underwood, he seemed—were it possible, equally surprised, at the farmer’s firmness.

We

We now fixed our suspicions without reserve on Lady Jekyll's machination ; considering no other than that she having heard from Lady Hales the connection of Edward, had contrived to get the little Fanny out of the way, to favour her views of a match between her daughter and his son — and to operate this scheme, he had marked down, on the score of probability, that the widow of a Nabob would not feel the least compunction of conscience, were she to carry it by the blackest of all possible iniquity.

It was now considered as a matter of serious concern to keep Edward a perfect stranger to this event : for the Baronet could think no other, than a youth of a natural tender heart and fine feeling would be seized with a too forcible share of grief on this occasion.

The letter to Mrs. Underwood he declared to have been the effusions of no common tender inclination for the sex—there was a marked reflection and a digested system which run through the whole—it

became him then to treat the sentiments of his child with respect and the greatest caution—for he said he had but too often reason to remark in life, the negligent conduct of parents as to similar sentiments of their children—the cause of all their future misery—the cause of relaxation in their morals—the cause of the dissipation of their fortunes—loss of health—loss of reputation—whereas, if similar sentiments were cautiously cherished and matured, they might reflect the highest honours on the human soul—they would, doubtless, turn out the best of all possible good.

“Not,” says he, “but I would in preference have chosen my son to be allied to more suitable conditions—yet seeing that chance has so operated, I consider it as my greatest pleasure and duty to accept of the minor evil, and to order the plan of his engagement with more consistency. But, my dear Doctor,” he continued, “you see my plan is frustrated, and I fear the boy will be greatly hurt by these accidents.

“Youth

“ Youth will pair like the turtle dove—
 “ its little parties should be watched with
 “ uncommon diligence. Early principles,
 “ prejudices, impressions, likes and dis-
 “ likes, are not soon dislodged from the
 “ tender fancy. Age, sowered with worldly
 “ disappointments, generally contemplates
 “ the past passages of life, and it pauses
 “ where its troubles have been severely
 “ felt. My boy will never forget his
 “ Fanny ; and myself, Doctor—I have had
 “ my innocent days of frolic too.”

But he did not proceed—the Baronet was
 much chagrined at the event, and he fore-
 boded a coming evil.

It was planned that I should accompany
 Edward to Cambridge—that he was to re-
 main but a few days at Boxley, and we were
 to watch his motions—the time was to be
 laid out in parties to withdraw his intentions
 from visiting Oldthorpe.

Two days elapsed—Underwood used his
 unremitting diligence, night and day, to
 discover his daughter ; but he had returned

to his house without any success, and greatly fatigued in body and mind.

On the third day, in the morning, Edward did not make his usual appearance at the breakfast hour. On enquiry he had been observed early to take the road towards Oldthorpe. A servant was immediately dispatched, and intelligence brought that he had been at the farm : and, to add to the increasing anxieties of the Baronet, one of the best hunters was found missing from the stable, which caused a conjecture that he had returned home, and set off on some project.

Mrs. Underwood had been seized with a delirium from her grief, and was confined to her bed in the most alarming state of health—but what caused some degree of suspicion on the side of a servant maid was, after the departure of Edward Hales, which was sudden, and attended with great rapidity, the girl had immediately absconded.

Thus, with a bosom teeming with the greatest suspense imaginable, he was lost
in

in conjecture, not knowing what interpretation could be put on his departure.

However, in the course of the afternoon, the carriage of Lady Jekyll drove to the door with great haste—some light was now introduced in this extraordinary affair.—She came to report the state of her son, who had, in the course of the morning, been violently assaulted by Edward Hales; and, after having undergone a severe horse-whipping, he set off with the same rapidity he came with.

Lady Jekyll had arrived to enquire into this procedure, to know why her son had fallen under young Hales's displeasure, and for which purpose the preliminary of her discourse was decorated with much asperity.

But Edward Hales was no where to be found—the Baronet in the greatest possible agitation of spirit—divided in his mind—uncertain whether to pursue his son, or to wait the issue of his return.

At intervals the steady turn of Edward gave him fortitude ; at others, the impetuosity of youth hurried his senses to the stretch of inquietude. In this conflict I gave my advice, and produced this argument for his consolation—To submit, and patiently to repose confidence in the conduct of his son.

We had learnt that he had been early to Oldthorpe — that he must have been informed of the loss of his favourite Fanny—the absconding of the maid—the chastisement of young Jekyll afforded every strong reason to conjecture that he had gained some intelligence which would lead to her discovery.

These were the moments in which the enterprising spirit of youth was fired with adventure—the course must be taken—my friend, the Baronet, must wait the consequence—Edward had ingenuity, perseverance, and courage—From the description of Lady Jekyll, her son had received the most severe castigation from Edward ; but
the

the cause of the offence she seemed to be perfectly innocent of.

We therefore judged it expedient to accompany this lady to her house, where we were in hopes to acquire some insight into the mystery ; and to this her ladyship assented, but not without certain marks of hesitation.

At the instant young Jekyll observed us stepping out of the carriage, he was impressed with terror and alarm. Whether afraid of a second onset, or overawed by his appearance, his uneasiness seemed very conspicuous ; which, being observed by Sir Simon, he instantly put interrogatories to him—hesitation followed—he looked at his mother.

It was now obvious they were both concerned in a plot which respected the loss of the little Fanny ; and his former surprise being thus strengthened by the hesitation of the son, and his silent, though expressive,
five,

five, appeal to his mother, caused him to charge her ladyship on the spot with being a party concerned in the affair.

Young Jekyll trembled.

Her ladyship accused Sir Simon of rudeness and effrontery.

This was no time, he replied, for much ceremony—and added, that he was well convinced her son would not have received chastisement from the hands of his son Edward, unless he had well merited it.

At this period the young man's tutor, with much pertness, stepped forward, and advised them not to answer the Baronet. He was a witness, he said, to the assault which young Hales had committed; and he told Lady Jekyll to move the same in a court of law.

Here Sir Simon lifted up his cane as if inclined to lay the same over his shoulders—But Mr. M'Currygrace, the name of the tutor, thought proper to retreat with young Jekyll.

To

To acquire information in this interesting affair now exceeded our skill. Lady Jekyll assumed a tone of imperiousness—talked of justice—sneered at the Baronet's heat of temper—and protested that his accusations were erroneous.

Her declarations were scarcely finished when a country wench was seen entering the court yard, whom we had passed on the road, and who, having espied us, instantly made up, and desired to speak with the Baronet apart.

The girl, observed by young Jekyll, made him sneak into the house. — “ Sir, “ may it please your honour to forgive “ me ;” — and here she dropped upon her knees, with her blue apron up to her eyes, sobbing and begging forgiveness without intermission—accusing young Jekyll as the instigator, and of having received a bribe from a gentleman on a visit at her ladyship's house.

After these ebullitions of repentance were over,

over, we soon acquired the following true state of the case.

This girl was the absconded servant of farmer Underwood, who had been suborned by young Jekyll to trepan Fanny to the side of the London road, where there was a post-chaise in waiting ; wherein was seated a Mr. Fitz-Morris, the son of a Viscount of that name, who had been at Lady Jekyll's on a shooting party, and an intimate of her son, who was also there, and into which she was forced by the violence of the party.

The country girl continued, by observing, that Edward Hales had discovered the greatest marks of grief and indignation when he heard of Fanny's departure, and that his agony had melted her into a confession of her crime.

Fitz-Morris had made repeated visits to Oldthorpe under various pretences, and had endeavoured to insinuate himself into the maid's favour to accomplish his ends in the seduction of Fanny ; but not succeeding in his passion, he had contrived the insidious

fidious measure of forcing her to elope with him.

Thus, with the counsel of the maid, and the contrivance of Fitz-Morris, the plot succeeded—but how prosecuted, the consequences of this desperate and abandoned project must discover.

When Edward Hales had received the information of the maid, the plot of Fitz-Morris remained with young Jekyll, and he was therefore determined to force him to that confession which might lead to the discovery of his beloved Fanny.

Having obtained, by corporeal chastisement, the course which Fitz-Morris had taken, it was obvious he was smitten with the true spirit of enterprise, and that he would effect, were it possible, her rescue from the iniquitous attempt of this libertine.

Lady Jekyll was now abashed and confronted with the nature of her son's perfidy; and the Baronet and myself returned
to

to Boxley with no small share of indignation against her insidious machinations, and with the most serious apprehensions of some desperate proceedings on the side of Edward.

We now concluded, that the most prudent method to adopt would be to set off for town; and, having every intelligence requisite to put us on a favourable tract, we entertained the best hopes of making a full discovery in this affair.

On our arrival the Baronet ordered his travelling chaise at the door, and we both ascended. At Chatham we heard of Fitz-Morris, and his son. The latter was on horseback, and pursuing his course towards town with much speed: but his pursuit being some days after the expedition of Fitz-Morris, we were apprehensive that the unhappy Fanny might be exposed to his devices.

THE TOWN EXPEDITION.

ON our arrival in town we immediately repaired to Lord Fitz-Morris's. Our enquiries after his son were naturally sudden, and without much reserve.

The Viscount was an acquaintance of Sir Simon Hales's, and he received us with respect and attention. He lamented the dissipated and unsteady conduct of his son; and knowing he had been on a visit in his neighbourhood at Lady Jekyll's, he augured that his conduct had been the cause of our visit.

Sir Simon, with brevity, only signified that he was apprehensive of a meeting taking place between him and his son Edward; and as it concerned a matter of offence committed in the neighbourhood, in which he was himself much interested, he was therefore desirous of interposing
between

between them, lest any alarming consequences might ensue.

“ Sir,” replied the Viscount, “ my son
 “ unfortunately, by the caprice of an aunt,
 “ is now his own master ; and having just
 “ left the University, he has entered life
 “ with a commission in the dragoons—
 “ always the ensignia of dissipation and
 “ imprudence—I am sorry to say his pas-
 “ sions are too much afloat—I do not wish
 “ to enquire particularly into his conduct
 “ in your neighbourhood—He is old
 “ enough to be his own arbiter in those
 “ matters which may concern his honour—
 “ I shall, therefore, not screen him from
 “ either your’s, or your son’s pursuits.”

There was a singular indifference in his lordship’s conversation respecting his son—which, possibly, arose from his own attachment to the gaieté of life, treating the indiscretions of his son with levity, perhaps to palliate his own ; but more particularly from the little power he had over him in consequence of a large sum of money bequeathed to him by a foolish fond relation
 when

when he came of age, which would render him perfectly independant of parental authority—Ridiculous and misplaced affection of kindred, to alienate the child from the parent, to make their interests separable, and to subvert the natural power of the latter.

Fitz-Morris, not to be circumvented in his pursuit, had taken up his residence at a hotel in the neighbourhood of Saint James's Street ; and it was to that place we were directed to procure farther intelligence.

We arrived at the hotel, of course, late in the evening—Fitz-Morris was gone to the opera—We heard that Edward and another youth of the same age had been only a few hours before making the same enquiries.

Thus our time had been well disposed—
to the opera then we posted.

How dreadful the agitation of the
Baronet's mind ! We heard there had
4 been

had been a disturbance in the house, from the appearance of two Westminster youths, as report stiled them, who, entering the pit, one of them, with great spirit and resolution, had threatened to cane a gentleman, and which threat he accompanied with such epithets as could not be passed over without an immediate appeal to the field of honour. To which the indignant youth immediately challenged his adversary.

The parties had retired, and there was no doubt entertained but a duel had taken place.

Thus prepossessed with a circumstance of this dreadful nature, so very trying to the feelings of a fond parent, we both made the best of our way to Fitz-Morris's hotel.

There we also had a better chance of hearing the earliest news of the combat; as also we had an opportunity of gaining some farther light into his procedure with the fair daughter of farmer Underwood.

On

On our arrival again at the hotel we were immediately struck with a more than usual bustle. On enquiry we found it arose from a report, that Fitz-Morris had received a wound in a duel, and was at an adjoining tavern where the rencontre had taken place. His servant arriving almost at the instant we had received this information, to execute some command of his master, related the following particulars :

That he had been accosted at the opera by a young gentleman, and some acts of violence having taken place, they had decided in giving each other a meeting at the tavern in question, where his master had that moment been wounded, but not in any material part of the body, so as to occasion any apprehension of danger.

The Baronet having acquired this information, and hearing that Edward had received no injury, it now became our business to enquire out his situation, and the spot where he was to be found. Our conclusions were, to see Fitz-Morris, or his surgeon, and to gather every information possible

possible—though at the same time we were not a little rejoiced to hear the affair had taken such a favourable turn; flattering ourselves also, that our young adventurer, like a second Amadis de Gaul, would by this have discovered his beloved heroine.

Fitz-Morris's servant had scarcely passed us when he cried out, "Sir, Sir, the young gentlemen are coming." Casting our eyes towards the door of the hotel, we observed Edward and his friend Cornwall entering, and, to their no small surprise, particularly to that of the former, Sir Simon caught them both by their arm, before they had a glimpse, in the impetuosity of their motion, of his person.

"Oh, oh, Sir," says the Baronet, "what desperate action have you now on foot?"
 "Any more of your foes to pistol?"

Edward's heart, seized with a panic and surprise, gave him no power of utterance; and, looking up in his father's face with a countenance extremely expressive of
 the

the great perturbation of his soul, bursts into a flood of tears.

They retired into a room apart—my presence of mind was, on this occasion, not wanting; and laying hold of the servant of Fitz-Morris, I questioned him with point and threat as to the arrival of his master with a young girl out of Kent.

The fellow looked confession—I followed up my advantage; and having assured him, that if any proof could be brought that he was a party concerned in this affair, that the laws of the country would be severely applied to inflict on him the most exemplary punishment for his infamy—that the only remedy to exculpate himself from this affair, and also to save his master the ignominy of being brought to public justice, would be to divulge every thing which he knew in this iniquitous business.

Alarmed at my repeated threats, and the energy of my protestations, he as-
 VOL. I. I fured

fured me that he would give me all the intelligence he was master of.

Directing my enquiry as to essentials, I now learnt, that Fitz-Morris had been given to understand that Fanny Underwood had an impure attachment to Edward Hales, and, as such, he did not consider his artifice to carry her off in the very criminal light which I had painted it.

Determined to lose no time, I sent word to my friends that I was engaged on a commission of some importance, and desired they would not think of leaving the hotel till my return.

The house which the valet conducted me to was at no great distance. I knocked at the door, and a servant maid appeared. I enquired for the mistress of the house—I was shewn into a parlour, and a well-dressed lady made her appearance.

“ Madam, I have information that you
 “ have had brought to your house, by a
 “ young libertine of the name of Fitz-
 “ Morris,

“ Morris, an innocent young woman, who
 “ is to be doomed to the shameful and de-
 “ testable purposes of seduction. — Alas !
 “ what do I say ? Is not the odious deed
 “ already perpetrated ? Take care, Ma-
 “ dam—remember the laws of this coun-
 “ try are decreed for the protection of in-
 “ nocence, the injured, and also for the
 “ punishment of the guilty. This instant
 “ bring me to the poor young creature.”
 Here I raised my voice, and threatened,
 with loud denunciations, to apply to the
 power of justice.

“ I am here, Doctor Philpot—Oh dear,
 “ how glad I am— It is the Doctor,”—and
 she continued incessantly crying, till burst-
 ing open the adjoining room, I there be-
 held the little captive—she flew to my
 arms, and, shedding a flood of tears, fol-
 lowed me into the room of the prostituted
 matron.

“ Madam,” darting an eye of resolute
 vengeance, and arching my brow with the
 most determined shew of signalised justice
 —“ Madam, tell me, is she devoted” —

“ Stop, Sir,” — and she here flung herself upon her knees — “ Have pity on the most hapless and miserable of the sex.”

“ Speak, child.”

“ Do I deserve this gentleman’s forgiveness? — Have you not received compassion and pity from the moment you entered this roof?”

Here Fanny wept, and told a short tale of favour and tenderness which she had received from the mistress of the house.

I now was tranquilized — Had a parent been present, the feelings of his heart could not have risen to a more pathetic height.

Whether to applaud the uncommon goodness of heart of this impure female, or to render up my petition of grateful thanks for being thus made the liberator of innocence, would be difficult to say in which scale my portion of ecstasy now preponderated.

The

The little Fanny was found—a guardian angel had preserved her in the most auspicious moment of fortuitous trial.

There was humanity, sense, reflection, and penitence, in the breast of Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Her miscreant and tainted life lost much of that indignant reproach which deep-rooted prejudice would have impelled me to load it with.

When Fitz-Morris had lodged the captive maid in her house, a bank note of a considerable amount was placed in her hand. The greatness of the sum made me consider the affair to be marked with a secret design more than intrigue, and that he had been made, in some respects, a tool in it.

The unhappy situation of Mrs. Bracegirdle, whose life, from the most calamitous scenes of prostitution, had rendered her tributary to the plots of male seduction, impelled her to enter into his impious de-

signs—but hearing from Fanny the simple, unadorned history of his deceptive practice to ruin her, she was touched with compassion, and had contrived, to the moment of her discovery, to amuse Mr. Fitz-Morris with plausible reasons for withholding his designs.

Experience, too prone to accuse young people with indiscretion, levity, or a desire of novelty, often judges with rigour and over-rated caution. Fearful of reposing too much confidence in the simple pudor and innocence of Underwood's daughter, I desired she would proceed in relating to me the arts which were used to force her at this distance from her parent.

When, by threat and violent determinations, he had suppressed the sudden terrors which had seized her mind, on her first being forced into the chaise, he calmed the agony of her feelings by a falacious story to this purpose :

Having heard the particulars of the letter which Edward had written to Fanny
from

from Lady Jekyll, as related by his mother on the visit which she had paid her, when abruptly she left the presence of Sir Simon, chagrined, and her pride mortified at his inflexible spirit; he interwove this incident in the following plot to engage her confidence, and, if possible, to tranquilize her fears, and to reconcile her to the situation into which she had been forced.

He assured her, that he had been commissioned by Edward Hales to undertake this violence; that he had serious intentions to make her his wife; and that, not doubting of her own consent, he waited her arrival in town to run off with her to Scotland.

That he had asked Sir Simon's consent; which being refused, the transport of his affection knew no other resource than the one which he had now adopted.

If therefore, on their arrival in town, she shewed any reluctance, his friend would not scruple to accompany her back again to her parents, and confess the unjustifiable

steps he had taken—laying the act on his violent and unconquerable attachment—but that, at all events, she must not accuse him of any other motive than the resolute determination of serving his friend—which was the only excuse that could be made for his forcible elopement with her.

It was not presumable the unexperienced maid could consider otherwise than his relation to be true : and as the postilion was his own valet, with a pair of horses not unsuspected of belonging to Lady Jekyll, it was also in vain for Fanny to conduct herself otherwise than with apparent tranquillity. Thus, with a bosom teeming with hope that her situation was not without a remedy, when she had an opportunity of beholding her friend Edward on her arrival in town, to whom her grief might be unburdened, and her anxieties mitigated by his compliance, she might prevail on him to forego the desperate scheme which he had in contemplation.

But what her astonishment when Fitz-Morris, on his lodging her at Mrs. Bracegirdle's,

girdle's, now assumed his own feature! — protesting, when he found her safe in his possession in a retired apartment of this woman, that he was induced to these measures by the force of his own love — and, assuming the impassioned character of the libertine, seemed sedulous to obtain the completion of his wishes.

But finding repulse — the most resolute opposition to every art, entreaty, and proffered attention — he was forced to desist from his abandoned measures, and to apply to the more skilful arts of Mrs. Bracegirdle to relax the firm principles of the terrified maiden.

To palliate the actions of this confederate in town voluptuousness, it is justice to say, that she had been given to understand by Fitz-Morris that Fanny, young as she was, had been prodigal of her charms to young Hales, and that it was only childish bashfulness which made her hesitate to receive his addresses — but on repeated attempts to induce her to listen to overtures on his side, she had by degrees acquired the lovely

I 5

girl's

girl's true history — and finding truth and artless incident in it, she had come to a resolution of secretly conveying Fanny back again to her parents, and to read Fitz-Morris a lecture on the blackness of his conduct, and the risque he run of laying both of them under the lash of the law.

On either side she knew herself to be secure ; for if he thought proper to inveigh against her conduct, she was certain, as not daring to suffer his criminal act to transpire, he would not be averse to a compromise.

Another motive, perhaps, more impulsive than either might be the cause—she must well conceive that the connections of Fanny were of that nature as would very soon lead to a discovery, and then her own case would be extremely dangerous.

Thus, on a mature consideration of the situation of the little victim to town gallantry, it might also be more to her interest to turn Fitz-Morris from his pursuit of seduction, and to make a merit of an uncertain

tain transaction ; in which both her own interest, as well as design of her patron, might be involved.

THE following short history of Mrs. Bracegirdle was written on a detached slip of paper, and pinned to a leaf in the Doctor's common place book. There seemed to have been a kind of preface to it—the paper was torn at the beginning as if some memorandam had been discarded.

There was singularity in the life of this woman — and some passages so strongly marked with the history of life, I have been inclined to introduce it here by way of episode, as naturally connected with this period of the work—it can either be passed over, or read, as the good humour of the reader inclines him.

THE DIGRESSION — ON FEMALE SEDUC-
TION.

FOR all the pains I have given myself, I have only acquired a greater share of doubt, to suspend my judgement of things — my breast heaves with more charity, and the cause of my fellow-creatures is nearer to my heart.

I am less confirmed in principles — my sagacity continually on the waver — less self-sufficient of unerring wisdom.

To doubt ! — painful pause of the human soul — it will teach us a far greater share of benevolence, and the milk of human nature may flow more abundantly. Indeed we are too much prone to judge with needless precaution, and an over-strained rigour of our fellow-creatures.

After all, what are we ? — a jumble of
good

good and evil—strange complex machines
—I exclaimed with that wise apostle :—
“ O wretched man that I am, who shall
“ deliver me from the body of this death !”

I could have proceeded, but I was called
to order by the first verse of the same chapter—“ Know ye not that the law hath do-
“ minion over a man as long as he liveth ?”

Gracious God ! I would open the sluices
of my heart for the children of iniquity,
and palliate their manifold trespasses, when
I reflect on the harassing scenes of misery
which they have experienced in this world.

There is a time when terror and inward
dejection will overtake the most stout-
hearted mortal in his passage through this
vale of tribulation ; and he will, sooner or
later, be taught to sympathise even with the
unrighteous in their sufferings.

’Twas the fascination of deep misery
which made me return to the house of Mrs.
Bracegirdle—The eye, the repeated lines of
grief,

grief, traversed over and over again—the curvated brow ; one corner drawn upward, marking the countenance with an interesting retrospect.

She poured me out the tea—her hand trembled—I had made her the vow, and she accepted of my offer—tears streamed from her eyes—and “have I then,” she ejaculated, “found an uninterested friend ?

“Then will I fly this detested, this utter-
 “loathed scene of profligacy—the pride
 “of my soul shall be subdued—the bread
 “which I hereafter eat shall be swallowed
 “with repentance—and my hours shall
 “be hereafter passed in innocence and
 “virtue.”

I reverted to the point which we had been debating upon—“when no temptation assailed you, Madam, why then did
 “you proceed ?”

“Pride—giddy pleasure—a silly heart—
 “want of resolution—I was a woman,”—
 was her answer.

After

After a long pause, I still recapitulated,
 “independance in your power, where was
 “ your temptation?”

“ Flattery, Sir—the men flattered, and
 “ I became a martyr to vanity.”

She told me her father was the younger son of a gay and antient family, long attached to the bespangled forms of a court life. Places and pensions had allied them to the sovereign. At an early age he had an ensign's commission, which, transporting him to a distant country, where, for want of opportunity to mix with an higher order of females, he became enamoured with a daughter of a poor West-India planter.

Returning to England, after an absence of some years, he found his father on his death bed ; and with him he lost all hopes of promotion. The income of his place was all that the family had to depend upon, and they were, shortly after his death, scattered abroad in the world, and exposed to all its vicissitudes.

Her

Her father had returned to his regiment—the camp had nursed her—she was educated in the circle of a military life. Climate, fatigue, and disappointment, had killed her father before he arrived at any considerable rank in the army, and her mother brooding with anxieties on her hapless, unprovided situation, and daily encountering the rigour and contumely of a hard-judging world, died of a broken heart.

Susan, an orphan, at the age of eleven years, was, from motives of charity, sent from Quebec to be brought up in Colonel Muzzard's family, whom he had left behind him in England. The Colonel had an eye to prudent œconomy, and self-interest in the plan.

Hence she became a dependant on his wife's bounty, and at the age of sixteen found herself discarded by degrees from the parlour to the kitchen—to be a spy on the actions of the servants, and to assist them in their occasional services.

Nurtured

Nurtured and fostered to the age of some reflection by the pride of a soldier's heart, and a much greater share of family-pride in her deceased parent, she considered herself, though in the light of a servile dependant, the daughter of a gentleman.

An occasional associate with the servants, moral precept was not often displayed before her eyes for an example—she had pride to spurn at vulgar immorality, but had no exalted precedent to induce her to the practice of strict discretion.

She was soon disgusted with her situation—beautiful in person, she found her prudence shaken by the Colonel's son, and she soon became a sacrifice to juvenile professions and giddy intemperance.

The intimacy was discovered too late, and Mrs. Muzzard, to break off all farther intelligence, dispatched her son to the regiment, and turned the orphan of charity into the street. In short, the only extent of her bounty was to procure her a ticket to
the

the Lying-in Hospital; and, to calm her apprehensions, the offspring, to her great joy, lost its life on drawing its first breath.

She raised her head from the unhappy pillow of repentant disgrace; and as her strength revived, her sorrows increased. A few pounds were conveyed into her purse, and, with a promise of servitude, this miserable orphan thus found herself deserted.

One morning, on a visit of the faculty, the charms of the sorrowful Susan struck the admiring eye of a spruce and middle-aged physician. On enquiry he found her to be fit for the completion of his designs.

Regardless of the fate of the unfortunate girl, a sacrifice to indifference, and a careless training into life, Mrs. Muzzard, on receiving a note from the physician that he had procured Susan a wet nurse's place in a gentleman's family, rejoiced that she was liberated from this intruder on her son's affection, whose views in life were to be raised to the commander in chief of the British

British forces, and whose person and pretensions rendered him a suitable match for the first heiress in England.

The benignant smiles of Doctor Prattlescase encouraged the forlorn Susan to receive her patron with complacency; and when her situation admitted of a removal, she found herself the mistress of a suite of ready-furnished lodgings. The natural vanity of her youthful heart lighted up on this prospect; and though she was secretly afraid to enquire into the cause of her patron's kindness, she still admitted the impression of pleasure, which a similar situation would convey to a mind that had been threatened with the hardships and disasters of life.

The Doctor, in the course of his visit, very soon made Susan acquainted with the real spring of his generosity, and she found herself, in a very short time, the mistress of a Galenical gallant.

Gause, silks, and ribbands, soon restored to the fancy of this untutored female in the promif-

promiscuous scenes of criminal pleasure the early vanity with which she had been nurtured—her conversation soon partook of a more enlightened cast, and Prattlecase now discovered a mind that had been stored with some accomplishment—he found her a perfect mistress of the French language, which she had acquired from an infant in the foreign families settled in Quebec; and she had also some skill in music.

Perhaps the whim of the moment had at first inspired the Doctor with his notion of gallantry only; but on hearing the lovely orphan's history, his amorous caprice assumed a more reflected principle, and he now indulged in a certain tenderness of heart which bespoke an approaching attachment.

He bestowed several masters upon her, and she found herself improving in a refined knowledge of life, with a flattering hope that her situation would effectually place her above distress.

Doctor Prattlecase had conducted his intrigue

trigue with great secrecy — her apartments were taken in a retired part of the town, and his visits were paid with circumspection — to her his injunctions were forcibly given not to divulge his situation; and her servant, with the family of the house, were kept perfect strangers to it.

Thus she lived in an undisturbed serenity — little desirous of partaking in any other pleasures than those which she derived from her attention to improvement — and this so well corresponded with the Doctor's inclination, that she found herself, as it were, an idol of his choice.

About six months passed in this plan of life, when one morning, about noon, a chariot stopped at the door, and a lady, about the age of thirty, stepped out of it, and, giving her orders to the servants to be in waiting at a certain distance from the house, she made her entry without much ceremony, and enquired if a young woman was her lodger who received visits from a gentleman answering such and such descriptions. Having received an answer to satisfy

satisfy her it was so, she begged to be shewed up into her apartment.

The Doctor, in the continuation of Mrs. Bracegirdle's anecdotes, makes her speak in the first person.

A piano forte was open before me—the music master had just left me—the door was flung open—no ceremony was used in the entry of the lady.

As soon as she caught sight of me, her salutation was commenced nearly in the following terms :

“ Madam—Miss—I want no proof of
 “ your infamous arts in alienating the af-
 “ fections of Doctor Prattlesafe from his
 “ family—I am his wife, Miss; and you
 “ are his slut.

“ So you are the patient who has inticed
 “ him,

“ him, under pretence of his professional
 “ visit, for these many months past, to leave
 “ his innocent and respectable family in
 “ the evening ?

“ You dirty drab you — where has he
 “ picked you up ? — Come, Miss ; this
 “ instant troop away from this house—you
 “ shall either obey my orders, or submit to
 “ be charged with a constable, who shall
 “ dispose of you in Bridewell, where I will
 “ take particular care to see you are pu-
 “ nished for your impudence.

“ Come, huffey, pack up your things
 “ this instant—from this spot I will not stir
 “ till I see you off.”

She now rang the bell with violence—
 the woman of the house made her appear-
 ance.

“ Madam, do you know who I am ? —
 the woman curtesied low to the ground —
 “ I am, Madam, the lawful wife of Doctor
 “ Prattlecase, the gentleman who visits this
 “ here naughty woman — And pray, Ma-
 “ dam,

“ dam, how dare you connive at this im-
 “ pious wickedness ? — Let me know this
 “ instant all about it. I watched him here
 “ last night myself, and was determined to
 “ get the best instructions in the neigh-
 “ bourhood concerning his Madam—So I
 “ find he keeps her, in good truth—I have
 “ learnt all from the pretty Miss’s hair-
 “ dresser at the corner of the street—the
 “ best place for intelligence of this na-
 “ ture, as your grocer, Madam, informed
 “ me—The Doctor, Madam, pays all her
 “ bills truly, I suppose ; so if you please
 “ to let me know the amount of her lodg-
 “ ings, they shall be discharged immedi-
 “ ately, and then off she certainly goes
 “ from this place—this very instant—or,
 “ depend upon it, I will have you yourself,
 “ Madam, into custody, for harbouring a
 “ common prostitute.”

Terrified with these menaces, and the
 apparent importance of the Doctor’s wife,
 the woman made no hesitation to give her
 the bill for my lodgings.

Myself frightened, to the total loss of all
 my

my presence of mind, and the little reflection which seemed at this age to be in my nature at once forsaking me, and with a tremor through all my frame, I meekly yielded to every proceeding which this amiable solace of hymeneal compact thought proper to prescribe, for being the innocent cause of her husband's incontinence.

An hackney coach was now ordered to the door—I was commanded to pack up all my apparel — and Mrs. Prattlecase was ushering me into it with all the stern correction of privileged tyranny.

During this bustle I overheard the voice of my servant, Dolly, expostulating with the mistress of the house for suffering the Doctor's wife to treat me with this severity — the coach driving up, with the pacific spirit of the most flagrant sinner convicted in her crimes, did I ascend it, almost suffocated with my tears, and in the greatest agony of grief.

Dolly declared she would not suffer her

poor young mistress to be driven off in this hurry without a home to go to, and no friend to bear her company, jumped into the coach, and we thus left the field entirely in the possession of the incensed Mrs. Prattlecase.

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DIGRESSION CONTINUED — ON FEMALE
SEDUCTION.

DOLLY had ordered the coach to drive into Oxford Road ; and questioning me where and how I was to dispose of myself, I seemed utterly at a loss for an answer. The girl now found I was totally, from my ignorance of life, incapable of affording myself any assistance, and set about providing me with fresh lodgings, which she soon did ; for, ordering the coach to drive through a street, which, perhaps, she was acquainted with, I soon found myself equipped with a decent first floor and suitable bed-room.

“ And now, Madam,” says the expert girl, “ you must contrive to see Doctor Prattlecase, or how will you be able to pay your lodgings, and to provide yourself with other necessaries ? ”

“ A married man !” I ejaculated. “ No,
“ Dolly, from this instant I disclaim all
“ farther intercourse”—and I was thus pro-
ceeding — “ Pho, these heroics will not suit
“ your forlorn case.”

“ Connections of this nature,” she re-
plied, “ are very common among the gen-
“ try—few women, who wish to advance
“ themselves in the world, ask any ques-
“ tions about the history of their gallants.”
And thus, with a cant well hackneyed in
infamy, I was now documented by my
maid.

But to her entreaties I now seemed reso-
lutely inclined to be inflexible ; and, con-
sidering the friendless state I was exposed
to, with only a few shillings in my pocket,
I had every reason to call forth all my facul-
ties. The only suggestion which presented
itself for immediate relief to my troubled
mind was, to exert my industry to procure
servitude—and this was the plan I pro-
posed.

“ You a servant !” exclaimed the girl—
and

“ and who could take you into their service? — It would be first necessary to get a character ; and, after all, there are few places you would be fit for. As to myself now, who do you think would take me, but ladies like you, who are not very scrupulous about decorum and *virtue*.” — In short, her rhetoric seemed so perfect and just, that I was obliged to yield to her counsel — and what confirmed me in my obedience to her plan was, the sudden appearance of my hair-dresser, to whom I was indebted some pounds.

This man having seen the Doctor's wife, to whom he had imparted something of my history, had anticipated a revolution in my affairs ; and arriving at my lodgings a little after our departure, as also the departure of the above lady, enquired the route which our coach had taken. The woman hearing the orders given for Oxford Road, the fellow enquired of the coaches at every stand the spot where we were set down at. Thus describing our persons, he acquired his information, and he was soon at the house where we stopped.

This fresh trouble effectually determined me to see the Doctor; and I assured the friseur, if he would call in a few days, he would have his account settled.

On the ensuing morning I was resolved on a visit to the Lying-in Hospital; and the first object which struck my sight, was the Doctor alighting from his chariot.

Pleasure darted in his countenance when he cast his eyes upon me. I received his assignation to meet him at night; and, putting into my hands a small bank note, he desired I would keep concealed.

I had just time to reprove him, as a married man, for his maxims of gallantry, and conjured him to get me a place of servitude in some respectable family. He smiled at my innocent remonstrance, and pressed me to have patience till he called upon me at my lodgings.

A few evenings past, and the Doctor made me a visit — a supper was ordered, and he was seated with a chearful spirit to
pass

pass a few hours in my company. In the midst of our conviviality, a single knock at the door was heard, and in a few seconds, to our wonder and astonishment, Mrs. Prattlecase was seen entering the room.

This lady, jealous of her husband to an extreme, and not without great reason, was determined to discover his propensity at intrigue; and taking advantage of an invitation to a city route, from which he had excused himself under pretence of visiting a sick patient, she contrived to make good her plot of detection.

Having suborned a porter to watch the motions of the Doctor on his foot excursions in the afternoon, he was enjoined to bring her immediate intelligence of the place he stopped at, where any single female lodged. This business the fellow executed with the greatest perspicuity; and arriving at the city route with his budget of secret services, the lady suddenly ordered her carriage, took a french leave, and thus transported herself on the spot, leaving her

servants and equipage at the end of the street that her motions might not be discerned.

To paint the situation of the Doctor on this interesting event, would require the penciling of an Hogarth.

His alarms were depicted in the expressive completion of surprise, dismay, and stupidity.

His domestic heroine taking advantage of his ghastly and petrified countenance, approached him with a clenched fist, tremendously shaken in his face. Having recoiled from her first onset behind the collation on the table, and worked up to the greatest gust of violence, she exclaimed, "Is this your goings on?"—and, raising her foot, kicked the whole repast into the fire place—Doctor Prattlecase all the while staring with strong marks of guilt in his countenance, and confounded with the lady's resentment.

However, to do him justice, when the
first

first impulse of her vengeance was somewhat abated, he had the resolution to offer his hand to her, and insisted on conducting her down stairs.

He told her, that the method she had taken was not the fittest to recover the mistaken husband from his delusion, and entreated her to leave the house, and he would accompany her home.

“ After all, Madam,” I heard him say, “ you have tolerably well retaliated ; and “ if your passion inclines you to rouse mine “ in return, perhaps you will find me in “ as violent a mood as yourself to conceive “ offence against you.” Some other similar sentiments were pronounced by the Doctor, when his wife, bursting into a flood of tears, rushed to the door. The Doctor followed—they both left the house, and I was left several days in suspense to wait the issue of this ridiculous business.

The anxiety of my maid, Dolly, inclined her, without my consent, to set off for Throgmorton Street, there to insinuate her-

self among the servants, and to gather from them the particulars of the family. Finding the Doctor and his lady to be persons of opulence, the artful wench desired them to acquaint their master, that a person had waited upon them on particular business. The Doctor concluding this business might relate to his profession, ordered her to be shewed up to his apartment. When he recognized the maid, she, without the least ceremony, told him, that as she had been privy to his intimacy with her mistress, she came to be bribed to secrecy, and that her distresses forced her to this step — and I, who had imprudently put her in possession with the secret history of the Doctor's allurements to bring me over to his designs, caused her to blab those truths which he would not have divulged for a considerable portion of worldly opulence.

The girl retired from his presence with some pieces of gold, and seemed perfectly delighted with the levies she had raised upon his timid complexion.

But the matter stood thus : — Prattlecase
had

had married the daughter of a rich alderman in the city, whose connections had brought him into considerable practice among the whole fraternity of the luxurious turtle and venison caterers, made him apprehensive of losing much of his practice by his loss of character; and it therefore became a matter of interest to have the affair hushed up in the most expeditious manner. Not but what he might possibly know that the railers at his folly, in the list of his acquaintance, might actually be in the same predicament as himself under the rose; yet they, as not being exposed, would appear respectable and untainted; whereas himself, having the misfortune to be detected in his peccadillo, would be made the town jest. Thus it happens that a good character is often founded on a discreet and political conduct. No one is entitled to talk on suspicion, but all the world on palpable fact.

With similar sentiments this gallant was obliged to forego all farther thoughts of his amorous pursuit—and, indeed, as my mind was impressed with no small share of re-

morfe for the admiffion of his favours, I found my inclination to change the courfe of my life greatly ftrengthened.

A few mornings after this revultion in the family of the Throgmorton-Street phyfician, taking counfel of Dolly, my cabinet minifter, how to embrace a more inoffenfive mode of fubfiftance; and being much ridiculed for my *virtuous* fentiments, as fhe was pleafed to call them, I had a vifit paid me by Mrs. Prattlecafe.

“ My dear,” fays fhe, fmoothering her brow with much benignity, “ I have heard
 “ from the Doctor, by his own confeffion, the whole of your melancholy
 “ hiftory, and I am now come to offer my
 “ fervices to place you in a guiltlefs and
 “ eligible fituation, where you may pafs
 “ your time in a scrutiny on your former
 “ conduct, and fervently repent of your
 “ heinous tranfgreffions.”

Here I found my tears gushing from my eyes, and, from the natural tendernefs of my heart, conjured Mrs. Prattlecafe to dif-
 pofe

pose of me as her goodness thought fit ; for being resigned to enter on an industrious and inoffensive course of life, I submitted entirely to her disposal.

“ What do you think, my dear, of the
“ Magdalen ? ”

The nature of this excellent charity she explained to me ; and after having, with the greatest sincerity, expressed my thanks, and a firm desire to embrace this opportunity to lead a new life, she left me with assurances, that, in a few days at farthest, I should be placed in it.

When she retired I imparted the substance of this meeting to my friend Dolly, who, smiling, ridiculed my penitence, and painting the charity in odious colours, inveighed bitterly against the foundation ; assuring me, that the penitents were let loose upon the world with the same inclination to prostitution as when they first entered it ; that is, provided they had charms left to render them amiable : and after having assured me that I was by much too pretty
for

for a Magdalen, ran out of the room, and left me to guess at her absence.

In less than half an hour she returned with two tickets for the play, and insisted on my going into the upper boxes with her at Covent Garden.

This kind of freedom might be repelled with disgust, when a young woman considered herself as screened from the necessities of life; but knowing my situation placed me on a level with herself, and being already under obligations to her, as I then considered myself, for her seasonable services in distress, I thought that an unre-served familiarity was her due.

In short, she pressed me to the play—pleasure, that Syren always fluttering in the heart of the sex, at my years irresistible, and I gave my consent.

Dolly, arrayed in a suit of my apparel, acted the part of my companion and duenna.

The Doctor speaks in the first person.

HERE let my pen stop on the colloquial discourse of this unfortunate woman. It was the simple truth of her seduction—and let it suffice—I find the sex every day to acquire more of my respect and tenderness—She had no friend to give her counsel; and the fortuitous scenes of her early life presenting pleasure always before her, a man must have a cold and merciless heart to execute vengeance and wrath against her delusions.

Let the state interpose, and award punishment against the first dispoiler of female innocence—and so it does, you may say—but how are these transactions palliated?—I will venture to propose, that young Muzzard will find the virtuous and regular part of the sex equally well inclined to receive him into favour.

At the play she informed me, that her experienced and artful maid contrived to introduce a man of rank into her company
—Susan's

—Susan's innocence and beauty made him attached — an equipage turned her thoughts from her seclusion in the Magdalane ; and when the Doctor's wife called upon her, to put her pious and humane motives into practice, she found the object of her husband's flame had disappeared. This served, no doubt, to convince her of Susan's inclination for evil, more than for good.

In the giddy circle of novelty she was, after a few months, neglected by the young nobleman ; and thus, from a succession of lovers, arising more from the natural volatility and inconstancy of the men, than her own giddy passion, she was obliged to accept of favours, which her heart despised, and her conscience loathed.

She had no friend to strengthen her in her resolutions to return to virtue, and no succour to assist her in the prosecution of it. Emerged in vice, where was the power to raise her from it ?

She condemned her conduct with the contrition of a penitent, but could find no
 expe-

expedient but death to deliver her from her guilt.

In a state of affluence, perhaps splendor, she was attacked with a fever—she prayed for death ; but reserved, as an example of human misery, heaped on those females who have made sacrifices to unlawful pleasures, she was taught at once to deplore her own errors, and to experience the inhumanity of those men who are charmed with yielding beauty, and not attracted by mental or virtuous qualities.

On her bed of sickness she was deserted by her gallant.

When the Doctor took his leave she found herself also deserted by her personal charms—and that woman, whose affluence could be alone supported by those charms—what a shock to sensibility !—Her creditors and menial dependants flocked to general ravage. Her bed was torn from her—humbled to poverty, to beggary—for a trifling debt she was thrown into jail, and there she had to lament, in the greatest depth

depth of human misery, that the strength of her constitution had made her such an example of female wretchedness.

Almost sunk down by rigour and poverty, she was accidentally relieved by Prattlecase, who recognized her among the prisoners, and in which place some business, which related to his profession, had called him.

Many years had passed since his attachment to her person—but concerned at her misfortunes, and, perhaps, not a little accusing himself as the first cause of them, he humanely paid her debts, and delivered her from this state of horrid bondage.

His wife was dead, and he found himself at liberty to indulge in an election—but some wrinkles on his face had taught him a lesson of prudence; and having naturally had the dignified turn of benevolence in his heart, he allowed Mrs. Bracegirdle an annuity for her maintenance—and here it was I had cause for reproof.

In retirement, she said, she had been discovered by one of her noble gallants—and, with an abashed countenance, she made a confession of her want of resolution to ward off his entreaties, to refuse pecuniary overtures, and to withstand those incentives of pleasure which had intoxicated her imagination at a former part of her life.

She was thus persuaded to become attached to a certain stamp of splendid characters in their pursuits of gallantry—How great my triumph!—to recover this woman from vice—to liberate the state from an unworthy citizen.

But she was the guardian angel of the little Fanny—This trait alone would preponderate some of her past errors—I represented, in the most formidable point of light, the iniquity of her life, and her latter character, marked with a greater degree of transgression, presented to her view in the odious form of disgust—She had a mind to receive these impressions.

Mrs. Bracegirdle was reclaimed.

FANNY UNDERWOOD IS INTRODUCED TO
EDWARD HALES BY DOCTOR PHIL-
POT.

The common place book of the Doctor changed to the third person. Some family anecdotes were expunged, and the manuscript much varied.

THE Doctor introduced Fanny into the apartment of the hotel—Edward Hales flew to the arms of his little favourite in the most passionate rapture of genuine love.

When his first transport had subsided, he drew back on the presence of his father—but who, being engaged so deeply in the drama, perhaps did not observe the sensibility of the meeting. The Baronet was also affected. The party was wound up to the height of happiness.

× The feelings of Sir Simon, interested for
the

the discovery and preservation of his son, had been greatly agitated; and the scene having been concluded with so much satisfaction on either side, made him receive Fanny Underwood with all the fondness of a parent. Edward, delighted with the acquiescence of the Baronet, did not conceal his attachment, which became more obvious — But measures were now to be adopted to prosecute his designs.

Underwood was now summoned to town — the intelligence of her fortunate discovery filled the hearts of her parents with the greatest of all human delight — enraptured transition from boundless misery !

When he arrived, he found his daughter at the town house of Sir Simon Hales.

The Baronet thus addressed him :

“ Underwood, I have admired your inflexible virtue in refusing my solicitation to educate your daughter as a fit companion for my son, and to do honour to
“ that

“ that engagement which I am desirous he
 “ should ratify. You are rejoiced at find-
 “ ing your child—to Edward you are in-
 “ debted for her delivery. She has been
 “ snatched from the hands of a base liber-
 “ tine, who has been severely punished
 “ for his perfidy. Her honour is pre-
 “ served—but it was reserved for the spi-
 “ rited pursuit of Edward, and my own
 “ exertions to rescue her from the bondage
 “ of infamy. You have, therefore, a
 “ grateful return to make—her liberators
 “ must be rewarded.

“ Fanny must be the wife of Edward
 “ Hales—I see a marked attachment in
 “ the young folks—I have a peculiar de-
 “ sire to encourage it for the preservation
 “ of their happiness—I grant my ideas
 “ may be somewhat singular in the opinion
 “ of that part of the world which vulgar
 “ prejudice has complimented with the
 “ name of prudence and reflection—that
 “ part of the world who entertain views of
 “ suitable conditions, and the aggrandise-
 “ ments of estates. Fatal error ! and which
 “ experience has too deeply convinced me
 “ of

“ of its truth. Departing from the natu-
 “ ral ties of the heart, I have no one in-
 “ stance, in the tablet of my memory, of •
 “ one happy assortment in marriage.

“ Fanny must be the wife of Edward
 “ Hales. Here is the grateful return you
 “ have to make to those who have restored
 “ a lost daughter to her parents.

“ I have still this argument to offer—
 “ Were she to return to Oldthorpe, judge
 “ of the miserable life she will be hereafter
 “ doomed to suffer — her character im-
 “ peached—her mind, in some instances,
 “ impressed with sentiments incongenial to
 “ her station in a cottage.

“ And the animated passion of Edward,
 “ my good friend—Is not there a cause of
 “ alarm ? — Will that enterprising mind,
 “ rushing precipitately to the object of its
 “ regard, be restrained by the cold pru-
 “ dence of age ?

“ Pshaw ! we know ourselves better, be-
 “ lieve

“ lieve me—Were we to recollect the past
“ incidents of our youthful days—

“ The young couple will meet—bars,
“ bolts, and a parent’s anger, will not hin-
“ der them.—Come then, my friend—let
“ Fanny be put under our care—she shall
“ immediately be sent out of the way of
“ all peril — I shall henceforward consider
“ her as a young gentlewoman ; and if the
“ world does not change the sentiments of
“ my son, I shall regard her father as a
“ welcome relation.”

The Baronet now tendered Underwood
his hand—the latter consented.

Fanny was immediately to set off for
Paris—to be educated under the care of
the Doctor’s sister.

This plan was to be conducted with the
most profound secrecy — and that Fitz-
Morris, or any of the Jekyll party, should
be ignorant of her having been liberated
from Mrs. Bracegirdle, the valet was to
be

be bribed to secrecy who conducted Doctor Philpot to her house — and she was to invent a tale that Fanny had made her escape from confinement.

Thus concerted, the necessity of Edward's setting off for Cambridge to finish his studies was strongly urged, and in less than a week the business was finally settled.

[The succeeding part of these memoirs are continued from a more mature period of my life.]

VOL. I.

L

A SCENE

A SCENE BEFORE MY INTRODUCTION
INTO LIFE.

I HAD now past three years at the University, and was on the eve of setting off for the Continent, by my father's request, to spend the remainder of my time till I came of age. Then the old mansion at Boxley was to open its folding doors for the auspicious event. The Baronet had promised himself a return of those days of ancient hospitality, which portrays the page of history with the features of hilarity and benevolence, and which impress the heart with more satisfaction than can be derived from the sanguinary feats of our ancestors.

The three years of my academical studies glided away with but little mixture of anxiety. Love was seated in my breast—but the passion was not seconded by the
boiste-

boisterous evil which attends an attachment raised at a more mature period of life, and which might be retarded with doubt and difficulty.

I had considered my union with Fanny as the first impulse of a youthful heart—naturally formed in a generous mould, and unoccupied with the higher orders of worldly pleasure. Ambition had not then found its way into it to interrupt or to mix with the delicate passion. Thus I had centered the whole of my plans before my entry at the University on this maid, who was to rule sole arbiter of my future destiny, without the fear of not possessing her.

But manhood now assumed superior privileges—I had formed some notions of life—I had gay companions to partake of those notions—Cornwall, my old school-fellow and brother academic, who heard my childish attachment with the simplicity of inexperience, and approved the soft touches of my heart, had now assumed the privilege of giving me a higher estimate of manly happiness.

Our vacations were chiefly passed either in the town or country, as the season of the year had governed the motions of our families, and which suited with our academical life.

Public places, at these times, were frequented by us ; and I, who, at an earlier period, had derided the frippery of young Jekyll, now found my glass could display a person to my eyes no less inferior in dress and manners. The ladies had flattered my good looks ; and, in proportion to their civilities, so increased the importance of my exterior.

Cornwall's family chiefly resided in town ; and Mrs. Cornwall having been many years dead, his house was managed by a maiden sister, to whom was, in every particular, entrusted the care and education of his daughter.

The politeness of this lady had drawn me frequently into their parties, and I soon found the sister of my friend agreeable in
manners,

manners, and charming in person. Every opportunity had been concerted to place us in those favourable situations which induce the most indifferent of the sexes to foster those pleasing prepossessions, which do not fail to cause a friendly intercourse, and which time often mellows into sentiments of tenderness and love.

Fashion and dress soon dazzled—Miss Cornwall o our parties to the Opera, Ranelagh, or such places of public amusement. I there beheld young men of figure and higher privileges, proud to shew their attentions in her suite—but I generally found I was the more welcome to her person, and my importance not a little elated at the preference.

This kind of induction into the gaieties of the town was soon noticed by Lady Hales; nor was her maternal regard a little heightened by it. The town splendor of Lady Jekyll encreased—I was invited to her parties—Sir Simon had been talked into a compromise in the misunderstanding, which

had now lasted a considerable time between the families — Young Jekyll had made an atonement for lending Fitz-Morris his services in the affair of Fanny ; and thus an intercourse was established.

Miss Jekyll was presented as the rival of Miss Cornwall ; and between the two families I found myself assailed with every pressing kind of cordiality to inflame the breast of a young man with vanity and self-commendation.

The force of prejudice has, doubtless, the greatest influence over our inclinations. The friendship I entertained for Cornwall excited a partiality for his sister, which had not yet reached the finer passages of my heart. The indifference which I always entertained for the Jekylls made me receive their invitations with disgust — and Miss Jekyll, though, in every respect, a fine young woman, had no share of my attention, and barely that of common civility.

My bosom thus swelling with the action of life, I was lost in a variety of conceptions

tions on the future plans which I had to pursue, when one day Sir Simon sent to summon me to a private conversation.

“ Edward,” says he, “ I have received a packet of letters from Paris—
 “ there is one which I conclude to be written, from your little shepherdes — it is
 “ directed to you — This which I hold
 “ in my hand is from Mrs. Gordon — you
 “ shall hear the contents.”

“ She improves daily in the graces of
 “ the mind, and flexibility of her manners. The attention which she pays to
 “ the advantages which you have laid before her exceeds the ordinary capacity
 “ of her sex.

“ Nature has bestowed on her the
 “ greatest good sense, and she is sedulous
 “ to improve it to its utmost extent — her

“ French is rapidly approaching to that of
 “ the courtly Parisian—her music delicate,
 “ and the ear Italianised — she feels its ex-
 “ cellencies, and already begins to consider
 “ harmony as responsive to the poetry.
 “ This she manages with a skill which at-
 “ tracts, by the natural ease of her voice,
 “ and the grace of her manner. Her per-
 “ son is also improved with her capacity.

“ I have introduced her to the circles—
 “ her conceptions are opened—without
 “ the *trop suffisant* she can assert her vi-
 “ vacity with an ease which has surprised
 “ me on several occasions with the first-
 “ bred people of Paris.

“ They call her the *belle Anglaise*—and
 “ the Parisian ladies are not a little inclined
 “ to extinguish most effectually all the
 “ *naïveté* which she has brought over.
 “ This laudable intention I am attentive
 “ to modify—but, to do her justice in this,
 “ she wants but little of my restraint.

“ A natural reserve and serious deport-
 “ ment will in time temper that vivacity
 “ which

“ which the advantage of company can
 “ give her — I have already engaged her
 “ friendship, and her sentiments are my
 “ own — I have long admitted her to an
 “ unreserved freedom, as the best-calcu-
 “ lated scheme to understand her disposi-
 “ tion thoroughly ; and I find, that what-
 “ ever my condescension has granted, her
 “ natural goodness of heart has secured.

“ We have reasoned a great deal about
 “ her attachment to Edward — my tears
 “ have been shed on her account — she has
 “ a soul fit to adorn the most chosen of her
 “ sex.

“ It is only to time I can trust the suc-
 “ cess of your singular plan adopted for
 “ the happiness of these children.

“ My vigilance and pains the lovely girl
 “ has already engaged on her own account
 “ —free of all obligation to those com-
 “ mands which you have imposed upon
 “ me—and this, I think, will prove the
 “ best demonstration of her gentle mind

“ and placid spirit—the best of all praise
 “ which I have to bestow on Fanny Underwood.”

There was a pride which had swollen my heart to an unusual bigness when I heard the contents of this letter.

I had cast a sort of repentant retrospect on the drama—three years had past since the violent transport—my pulse had lost somewhat of its irregular motion—fresh objects of life seemed to have replaced a portion of my attachment to the blooming child of my foster nurse—in short, there was a different impetus of action which had rebelled against the pure affection of my heart.

The daughter of farmer Underwood!
 the heir to the Boxley estate—disproportionate conditions!

The brilliancy of fashion at this moment
 superseded

superfeded my first impressions, and the elegant sister of my friend Cornwall had marshalled ideas of greater moment before me.

Fixed in doubt, I trembled to break the wax of Fanny's letter.

'Twas the first I had received from her hand — the seal bore the impress of a leaf — the motto, *Il ne change qu'en mourant*.

Before I opened the letter my father spoke.

“ Edward, I see the world has already
 “ fastened upon your heart — I shall not
 “ endeavour to balance your inclinations
 “ on either side — I renounce all govern-
 “ ment of your passions — a father in this
 “ has no authority — whatever your friend-
 “ ship thinks fit to impart, I shall hear
 “ with the tenderest regard of a parent;
 “ but do not suffer that tie to overawe those
 “ plans which you have proposed for your
 “ future happiness.”

I broke the seal.

“ S I R,

“ In what language am I to address the
“ son of Sir Simon Hales—must I be go-
“ verned by the impulse of the heart—by
“ the cold laws of respect ?

“ Three years are past, and I am igno-
“ rant of those forms which the disparity
“ of conditions have prescribed for my go-
“ vernment. I float in an ocean of error
“ and perplexity.

“ Who am I, Sir ? What is the state of
“ the poor daughter of farmer Under-
“ wood ?

“ I write effusions of filial love to my
“ dear and fevered parents—I am an-
“ swered in all the genuine feels of pa-
“ rental tenderness—yet, can this be suffi-
“ cient to sooth my long absence from the
“ humble roof which nature has taught me
“ to cherish beyond the gilded pride of a
“ palace ? No, Sir. I feel myself lost in
“ the obscurity of my present condition.

Three

“ Three years—many afflictions can be
 “ endured in this space—many impressions
 “ of deep wretchedness the mind can re-
 “ ceive! — My books may soften down
 “ my anxious thoughts—a cultivated mind
 “ may divine a paliating remedy, but the
 “ heart cannot be released from its an-
 “ guish.

“ Three years!—in what my impatience?
 “ —Good heavens! I am lost in wildness of
 “ conjecture—Are not the tears of a fond
 “ mother impressed on the leaf which her
 “ affection has blotted? And does she not
 “ interrogate in all the softness of maternal
 “ feeling! Oh, Sir—pardon the freedom
 “ of a presumptive daughter—spare my
 “ breast the torture of making any confes-
 “ sion of my sentiments.

“ On what altar is my youth to be sacri-
 “ ficed?—Where is that blessing to fill
 “ my soul with that portion of bliss which
 “ the absence from my native country, my
 “ home, my parents, have robbed me of?

“ Accomplishments—sad, sad compen-
 “ sation

“ fation—I have now learnt to estimate
“ my misery.

“ Have you not drawn me from a
“ sweet oblivion to polished life—refined
“ sensations ? — What continuance of
“ pain is there in rustic life ? — The soul
“ must be refined to estimate the portion
“ of its misery—there is a native resource
“ in the unpolished mind which soon dis-
“ charges sorrow from the breast—you
“ have taught my soul to feel the force of
“ its senses — a tear can relieve in humble
“ existence, but education alone can raise
“ our feelings to their acutest sense.

“ Three years are past—My mind has
“ found a channel of thought—deliver
“ me, Sir, from this torment of anxiety—
“ there can be no compact that is ratified
“ in which I can discover any denunciation
“ of rigour against the frankness of your
“ confessions—Liberate me, I conjure you,
“ from this deadly suspense.

“ Does the son of a Baronet humble
“ himself

“ himself to the daughter of his father’s
 “ tenant, a plain and simple rustic? —
 “ No; this cannot be—you are recovered
 “ from the delusions of early youth—your
 “ heart and understanding have received
 “ more approved impressions.

“ Presuming sentiment to extend my
 “ hopes—The effusions of my heart have
 “ exceeded my duty, my respect.

“ The son of Sir Simon Hales was my
 “ deliverer—I lowly bend to all—to every
 “ sorrow.

“ Forgive this unconnected transport—
 “ ’tis the moment of a dejected mind.

“ FRANCES UNDERWOOD.”

I shewed my father the letter—he read it
 with a marked surprise—my wonder was no
 less great.

The elegance of her mind, the sweet
 tone

tone of composition, conspicuously shewed the scope of her natural intellects, and the great assiduity of her application. But from whence this improvement of a rustic soul? — 'Tis true, she had received a plain school education before she left England.

She had an early turn for reading—This propensity had, in some respects, been chided by the father; but, perhaps, secretly encouraged by her mother.

My sister Sophy had repeatedly lent her books; and, before the fracture with the farm at Oldthorpe, Lady Hales had permitted her, in the interval of my vacations from school, to call upon her from time to time—perhaps, too, there might have arisen some emulation in her pursuits of knowledge, and she might have caught a desire of improvement from my sister.

But however forcibly these considerations may have weighed upon me, I had ascribed

ascribed other reasons for the polish of her letter.

Sir Simon perused it several times, and returning it to me, accompanied it with these words :

“ Edward, the natural docility of your
 “ temper will readily incline you to give
 “ ear to every thing which an indulgent
 “ and considerate father has to advance for
 “ the happiness of his son.

“ You are now arrived at an age which
 “ only requires a few more years of experience to render you decisive in your
 “ plans of life. The education which you
 “ have had, joined with the natural goodness of your understanding, must have
 “ impressed you already with a sense of
 “ your past conduct, and will doubtless
 “ have furnished you with prudent lessons
 “ to govern you in your future plans.

“ You must, therefore, not consider
 “ yourself bound, as I have before said, to
 “ any fixed rule which I may have proposed

“ posed for your happiness. I consider
 “ you now to have entered into the circle of
 “ manhood, and I address myself to you
 “ in a certain degree of friendly equality.

“ Before I considered the necessity of
 “ giving you a public education, I had
 “ first studied the natural qualities of your
 “ mind and heart ; on these I depended,
 “ when you were to be trusted from my
 “ sight. Your master had promised me
 “ his best diligence to scrutinise your mo-
 “ ments of privacy, and I had the inex-
 “ pressible delight to find the tone of your
 “ actions accord with those sentiments
 “ which I had ardently long hoped to find
 “ inherent in you. Thus I progressively
 “ received every information of your im-
 “ provement in moral conduct, as well as
 “ human acquirement ; and when you left
 “ the first rudiments of knowledge for that
 “ hazardous test of a virtuous youth, the
 “ University, I laid down a plan with my
 “ old friend, Doctor Philpot, to have your
 “ actions analysed, and your conduct su-
 “ perintended. Nay, (says he) do not be
 “ surprised—the tutor of your college was
 “ my

“ my friend, though unknown to you ; and
 “ while the sons of many careless fathers
 “ were rioting in a childish debauch, and a
 “ dangerous profligacy for the want of sea-
 “ sonable admonition and timely interfer-
 “ ence, you had a friend always at your
 “ side to cozen you, as it were, into your
 “ academical duties — and your bosom
 “ friend, Cornwall, the son of my old
 “ crony, educated on the same principles,
 “ and who had imbibed sentiments of a
 “ similar nature with your own, gave me
 “ an equal share of delight, when I found
 “ he had proved himself worthy of his
 “ tutor’s regard. With such a compa-
 “ nion and friend I knew you would be
 “ strengthened in your virtuous principles
 “ of life ; and I experienced no appre-
 “ hensions of a change, while Doctor Phil-
 “ pot was sedulous in his enquiries, and
 “ your tutor bestowed an invariable sys-
 “ tem of friendly assiduity and control
 “ to improve your knowledge, and to
 “ establish sentiments in you of moral
 “ virtue.

“ Thus, Edward, I have received you
 “ from

“ from college, a youth of parts, and un-
 “ shaken honour. But now, my son, the
 “ scene is opening upon you—you are to
 “ encounter the world—to become an use-
 “ ful, independant citizen to the state, and
 “ not to aspire after unproductive honours
 “ and a fantastic shew of fame and glory—
 “ all I wish for is, to see you happy—
 “ happy as a sense of your own virtue and
 “ independant station can make you. The
 “ senate is to receive you, when you re-
 “ turn from your travels—when your opi-
 “ nions of life are more collected, and
 “ when you are seated in domestic life.
 “ As a senator, you have received my
 “ counsel—you have heard my sentiments
 “ —you have been told the reason of my
 “ retirement — this will conspire to esta-
 “ blish the happiness of your public cha-
 “ racter — but as your principal happiness
 “ must be raised under your own domestic
 “ roof, the choice of a wife will become
 “ your next consideration — And here I
 “ propose to make remarks on your pre-
 “ sent progress in life.

“ I have allowed you to assume the car-
 “ riage

“riage—the decoration of a young man
 “of fortune—and this I may say in a mea-
 “sure unrestrained — But I must be frank
 “when I tell you, that the shrewd eye of
 “the doating father has not been with-
 “drawn from you. I have noted your re-
 “ception in the Cornwall family.

“Miss Cornwall”——

At the name of this charming girl I felt
 a pulsation which recalled the blood into
 my cheeks.

“Miss Cornwall,” my father resumed,
 “receives you with pleasure. Give me
 “your sentiments, Edward. Have you
 “balanced the accomplishments of this
 “young lady with those of the daughter of
 “my tenant at Oldthorpe ?

“Come, come, my lad ; I am afraid
 “the first impressions of childhood have
 “been superseded by reason and refine-
 “ment—but I was unwilling to counteract
 “this natural impulse—the current was
 “dangerous to keep head against — I saw,
 “indeed,

“ indeed, it had gained too great a height
 “ to be diverted by force from its chan-
 “ nel——

“ We may have now procured, by ab-
 “ fence and address, what all the open power
 “ of the universe could not have operated.

“ Miss Cornwall, Edward, is a charm-
 “ ing girl—respectable connection.

“ Fanny Underwood can”——

Heavens ! what an emotion my heart
 experienced at this period !

“ Fanny Underwood can be provided
 “ for,” continued my father.

The letter had awakened my senses to a
 conflict of contending emotions. There
 was a plaintive reproach in it which alarmed
 my honour. 'Tis true, Miss Cornwall had
 engaged my attention — but there was no
 deep impression made—the flattering senses
 of youth were more amused than was the
 tender passion raised to anxiety.

Sweet-

Sweetness of manner, united with grace, had won upon my affections—She preferred my company—and, in the moments of glitter, fashion, and the circle of acquaintance, every reflection on the first impression of love was banished from my breast—Successive rounds of amusement had obliterated the name and genuine loveliness of the little Fanny—but the letter recalled my former attachment.

My father noted this conflict——

“ Edward,” says he, “ you are agitated
 “ on the reception of this young woman’s
 “ letter. I am afraid there is more design
 “ than nature in it. What think you ? Is
 “ not Mrs. Gordon the prudent matron
 “ who has given her the good counsel to
 “ work upon your passions ? Is it possi-
 “ ble her mind can already have received
 “ this polish ?

“ Remember, although you are pledged
 “ in a sense to receive the hand of Under-
 “ wood’s daughter, I would not have you
 “ enter on a system of domestic life, un-
 “ less

“ less both heart and judgement approve
“ the woman of your choice.

“ Fanny will be better provided for
“ than if she had remained in the farm—
“ you would have considered her in the
“ light of an inferior, and she might have
“ humbled herself to the miserable——

“ No, Sir—I have a soul that”——

“ True, Edward—but there are moments”——

“ Not repugnant to my honour—I have
“ given the law to my heart, Sir; and I
“ must only think of Miss Cornwall in the
“ pure light of friendship, of distant respect—I could yield to the transport of
“ passion, were my heart disengaged; but
“ my honour recalls me to the lovely
“ Frances.

“ The letter is her own writing—See,
“ Sir, it is defaced—here are erasements—
“ it has been written at many intervals—
“ there has fallen a tear on several of the
“ letters

“ letters—She had always a mind eager for
 “ improvement.

“ My letter to her mother, Sir—’tis im-
 “ possible—I must answer it.”

My father was attentive to the contend-
 ing passion warming in my soul—his eyes
 bespoke an admiration when he heard my
 election, and he left me with a squeeze of
 the hand, and with an exclamation, “ Ed-
 “ ward, I will trust you—My son, thou
 “ hast a firm and noble soul.”

An answer to this letter now became an
 object of my deepest consideration—decis-
 sion was required—on it depended the
 whole happiness of my life. I observed in the
 composition of her writing an elegant sim-
 plicity, the result of native sentiment, and
 an improved mind. Here my pride was
 flattered—the counsel of my heart taught
 me firmness in attachment ; but the forms
 of life usurped a great portion of my incli-
 nations—the object was absent—beauty,
 accomplishment, and connections, waited
 my overtures.

Miss Cornwall would have been beloved, had my heart been less consulted; yet the conflict prevailed, and I was rendered inconsolable, dispirited.

There was a necessity to answer Fanny's letter; but the expressions, the terms, gave my mind a perplexity which seemed irremediable.

To be ambiguous, was an artifice which I thought unworthy a generous attachment; to be explicit, was not the exact language of my heart. In short, I was floating in a state of uncertainty, and apprehensive that time, the world, and the extraordinary vicissitudes of life, might cause me to repent the early attachment I had formed. Thus agitated, I was determined to take my future plans of domestic happiness into consideration, and wait the time when I was to behold Fanny in a more mature and polished situation than when we parted—to answer her letter with open and unreserved sentiments, and to trust its fate to the natural goodness of her understanding.

My

My answer :

“ DEAR FRANCES,

“ The cold formality of your letter has
 “ given me pain ; that pain is much in-
 “ creased, because I find you are un-
 “ happy.

“ The time is now drawing nigh when
 “ we shall meet on more mature and re-
 “ flected principles — then, my dearest
 “ Frances, we shall be far better judges of
 “ our hearts and inclinations than under
 “ the roof of our nursery. Let us see what
 “ the world will effect, and not impose a
 “ task of happiness, which our hearts may,
 “ perhaps, not be compleatly framed to
 “ accomplish. I now readily conceive you
 “ will be pondering and scanning this last
 “ sentence, and with all the jealous irrita-
 “ bility of the sex, you will consider it as
 “ ominous of a change of sentiment in me.
 “ Perhaps your fears and conceptions
 “ may be just — I will not answer for ca-
 “ price or the influence of life, and there-
 “ fore I shall judge your apprehensions
 “ with tenderness. — “ Does the son of a

“ Baronet humble himself to the daughter
“ of his father’s tenant ?”

“ Love has no distinction — the con-
“ queror of a world may be brought to
“ the feet of the meanest peasant — yet,
“ far from wounding a mind so polished
“ as thine by comparisons, it is strict jus-
“ tice when I say, that the daughter of far-
“ mer Underwood is not inferior to the
“ son of Sir Simon Hales.

“ Education has given that equality—
“ Education has made up your dowry—
“ your birth will be elevated by your vir-
“ tue and merits ; therefore of this, hence-
“ forth, no retrospect.

“ In short, I must no longer dwell on
“ any part of your letter which may cause
“ explanations. The time is drawing
“ nigh——

“ A twelvemonth——

“ Leave the world for this space for me
“ to roam in—doubt the constancy of my
“ sex,

“ sex, and trust your fate to the mercy of
 “ a young man who is floating amidst
 “ shoals and quicksands.

“ A twelvemonth, and you return to
 “ your native country — may that period
 “ prove the ordeal of true love! — in thine
 “ I have an implicit confidence — and if
 “ absence does not cause any alteration,
 “ you will find that all prejudices will
 “ vanish in him who has the impression of
 “ Fanny Underwood indelibly fixed in his
 “ heart.

“ EDWARD HALES.”

END OF VOL. I.

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